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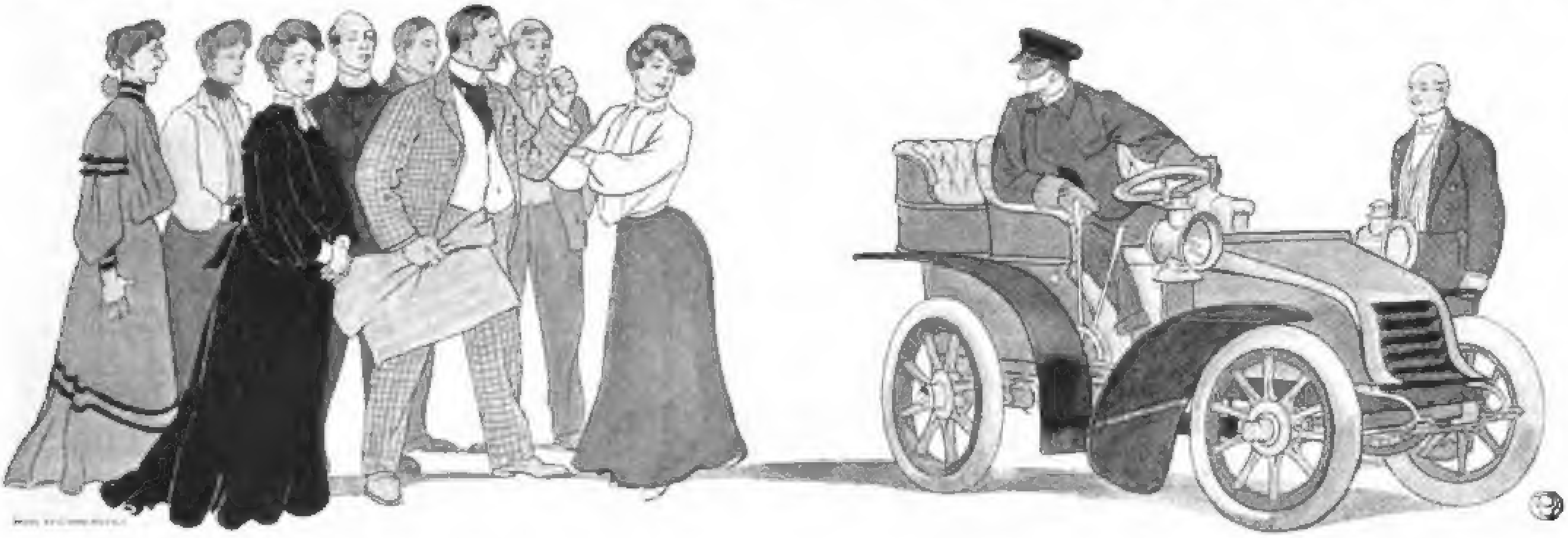
THE AUTOMANIACS



BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

"IT'S jolly to get you off by yourself," I said, as we wandered away from the rest of the party.

"Then you are not afraid of an engaged girl?" she observed.

"I am made of sterner stuff," I said. "Besides, I am dying to know all about it."

"All about what?" she asked.

"What you found to like in Gerard Malcolm," I returned, "and what Gerard Malcolm found to like in you, and what he said and what you said and what the Englishman said, and how it all happened generally."

"What you want to know would fill a book," she remarked.

"You speak as though you mean it to be a sealed one."

"I don't see exactly what claim you have to be a reader."

"Well, I was the first person to love you," I said. "Surely that ought to count for something. It didn't last long, I know, but it was a wild business while it did. When I discovered that you were just out for scalps——"

"And when I discovered that you were the most conceited, monopolizing, jealous, troublesome and exacting man that ever lived," she returned, "and that I was expected to play kitten while you did demon child——"

"Oh, of course it was a mistake," I said quickly. "The illusion couldn't be kept up on either side. We really got chummy only after we called it off."

"The trouble was that we were both scalpers," she observed, "and when we decided to let each other alone—in that way, I mean—we built up a pleasant professional acquaintance on the ashes of the dead fires."

"Can't you make it a little warmer than acquaintance?" I protested.

"It was a real fellow-feeling—whatever you choose to call it," she remarked. "You wanted to talk about yourself and I wanted to talk about myself and, without any self-flattery, I think I can say we found each other very responsive."

"I've rather a memory that you got the best of the bargain," I said.

"There were hours and hours when I couldn't get a word in edgewise," she retorted.

"And there were whole days and days——" I began.

"Now don't let's work up a fuss," she said sweetly. "We sha'n't have so many more talks together, and anyway it isn't professional etiquette for us to fight."

"Who wants to fight?" I asked. "I never was that kind of Indian."

"Then let's begin where we left off," she said.

"It was all Harry Clayton then," I said.

"Was it so long ago as that?" she asked. "Oh, dear, how time passes!"

"He joined the great majority, I heard," I said.

"Oh, yes, he's married," she said. "He wasn't any good at all. What can you do with a person who has scalps to burn?"

"That kind of thing discourages an Indian," I remarked.

"It robs the thing of all its zip," she said. "I suppose there's a Harry Clayton kind of girl, too?"

"The woods are full of them," I said.

"I am almost glad I've decided to bury the tomahawk," she said.

"And leave me the last of the noble race?" I added.

"You'll have to whoop alone," she said.

"I'll often think of you in your log cabin with the white man," I said. "On winter nights I'll flatten my nose against the window-pane and have a little peek in, and the next day you'll recognize my footsteps in the snow."

"I'd be sure to know them by their size," she said.

"I'm going to take ten dollars off your wedding-present for that," I said.

"It was one of our rules we could say anything we liked," she remarked.

"It was a life of savage freedom," I said. "It takes one a little time to get into it again."

"You used to say things, too," she said.

"I can't remember saying anything so horrid as that," I returned.

"Well, you couldn't, you know," she said, and put out the tip of a little slipper.

"I thought all the while it was to be Captain Cartwright," I said. "The Englishman with the eyeglass."

"I thought so, too," she said.

"I read of the engagement in the papers," I said, "and I cannot recollect that it was ever contradicted or anything."

"Oh, it wasn't," she said. "At least, not till later—lots later."

"I suppose I ought to talk hurriedly about something else," I remarked.

"You needn't feel that way at all," she returned. "The captain and I are very good friends—only he doesn't play in my yard any more."

"I can't remember Gerard Malcolm very well," I went on. "Wasn't he rather tall and thin, with a big nose and a hidden-away sister who was supposed to be an invalid?"

"That's one way of describing him," she said.

"I'd rather like to hear yours," I said.

"Oh, I'm quite silly about him," she returned.

"That must have happened later," I said. "It certainly didn't show at the time."

"Everything must have a beginning," she said.

"That's what I want to get at," I said. "What made you get a transfer from the captain?"

"It all happened through an automobile," she said.

"Oh, an automobile?" I exclaimed.

"It was an awfully up-to-date affair altogether," she said.

"I suppose it ran away and he caught it by the bridle at the risk of his life?" I said.

"No, he didn't stop it," she said. "He made it *go!*"

"It isn't everybody that can do that with an automobile," I said.

"You ought to have seen the poor captain turn the crank," she exclaimed, with a little laugh of recollection.

"So the captain was there, too?" I said. "He never struck me as the kind of man that could make anything go exactly."

"Oh, he didn't," she said.

"I am surprised that he even tried," I said.

"But Gerard is a perfectly beautiful mechanic," she said. "You ought to see how respectful they are to him at the garage—especially when there's a French car in trouble."

"They are respectful to me, too," I said.

"That's because your father's a Senator," she returned.

"I own a French car and drive it myself," I said, "and—But I see there's no use of my saying anything."

"It's genius with Gerard," she said. "It makes one solemn to think how much he knows about gas-engines."

"So that's how he did it," I observed. "Different men have different ways to charm, I suppose. I don't remember that looks were his long suit."

"If you were a woman that would be called catty," she said.

"Oh, I don't want to detract from him," I said. "He used to dance with wall-flowers and they said he was an angel to his sick sister."

"It was that sister who was the real trouble," she said meditatively.

"What had she to do with it?" I asked.

"Oh, just being there—being his sister—being an invalid, you know."

"No, I don't know at all," I said.

"The trouble is I'm telling you the end of the story first," she said.

"Let's start at the very beginning," I said.

"In real life beginnings and middles and ends of things are all so jumbled up," she said.

"When I went away," I said, "everybody thought it was Harry Clayton, with the Englishman as a strong second, and there wasn't any Malcolm about it."

"Do you remember the flurry in Great Western?" she asked.

"That's the beginning of something else," I said.

"No, it's the beginning of this," she returned.

"I believe they jumped up to something tremendous," I said.

"It was the biggest thing of its kind ever seen on Wall Street," she said.

"Wall Street!" I exclaimed. "The voice is Jess Hardy's, but——"

"You can't buy a Manton car without a little trouble," she said.

"Or twenty-five hundred dollars in a certified check," I added.

"It's nearer three thousand with acetylene lamps, top, baskets, extra tires, French touter, freight, insurance, tools and a leather coat," she said.

"You've got the thing down fine," I said. "You speak like a folder."

"If I could love a man as well as I do my Manton it would be a snap," she said.

"Juggernaut must have been the first gasoline motor," I remarked. "Seen in the light of modern days, we can understand the furore it caused in the Calcutta streets. It was so venerated that people used to throw themselves under its wheels and say they liked it."

"Well, I didn't have any three thousand dollars," she continued undisturbed; "all I had was an allowance of a hundred a month, a grand piano, a horse (you remember my blood mare, Gee-whizz?), a lot of posters and a father."

"He seems to me the biggest asset of the lot," I observed.

"I thought so, too, till I tried him," she said. "He had the automobile fever, too—only the negative kind—wants to shoot them with a gun."

"Surely it's dangerous enough already without adding that," I said.

"For a time I didn't know what to do," she went on. "I thought I'd have to try the stage or write one of those Marie Bashkirtseff books that shock people into buying them by thousands—and whenever I saw a Manton on the road my eyes would almost pop out of my head. Then, when I was almost desperate, Mr. Collenquest came on a visit to papa."

"I see now why you said Wall Street," I remarked.

"Mr. Collenquest is an old friend of papa's," she continued. "They were at the same college and both belonged to what they call 'the wonderful old class of seventy-nine,' and there's nothing in the world papa wouldn't do for Mr. Collenquest or Mr. Collenquest for papa. I had never seen him before and had rather a wild idea of him from the caricatures in the papers—you know the kind—with dollar signs all over his clothes and one of his feet on the neck of honest toil! Well, he wasn't like that a bit—in fact he was more like a bishop than anything else—and the only thing he ever put his foot on was a chair when he and papa would sit up half the night talking about the 'wonderful old class of seventy-nine.' Papa is rather a quiet man ordinarily, but that week it seemed as though he'd never stop laughing, and I'd wake up at one o'clock in the morning and hear them still at it. Of course they had long, serious talks, too, and Mr. Collenquest was never so like a bishop as when the conversation turned on stocks and Wall Street. When he boomed out things like: 'The growing tendency of associated capital in this country,' or 'The financial emancipation of the Middle West'—you felt, somehow, you were a better girl for having listened to him. What he seemed to like best—besides sitting up all night till papa was a wreck—was to take walks! He was as bad about horses as papa was about automobiles—and of course papa had to go, too—and naturally I tagged after them both—and so we walked and walked and walked.

"Well, one day they were talking about investments and stocks, and how cheap money was and how hard it was to know what to do with it (I could have told them if they had asked me), and I was picking wild flowers and wondering whether I'd have my Manton all red or green with gilt stripes, when I heard something that brought me up like an explosion in the muffler.

"'I know you are pretty well fixed, Fred,' said Mr. Collenquest, 'but I never knew a man yet who couldn't do with forty or fifty thousand more.'

"'I don't care to get it that way, Bill,' said my father.

"'I tell you Great Western preferred is going to see six hundred and fifty,' said Mr. Collenquest.

"I picked daisies fast, but if there ever was a girl all ears it was *me!*

"'I am giving you a bit of inside information that's worth millions of dollars,' said Mr. Collenquest in that solemn tone that always gave me the better girl feeling.

"'My dear old chap,' said papa, 'I don't want you to believe I am not grateful for this sort of proof of your friendship; and you mustn't think, because I have strong convictions, that I arrogate any superior virtue to myself. Every man must be a law to himself. I have never speculated and I never will.'

"Mr. Collenquest heaved a regular bishop's sigh and stopped to put one foot on a log as though it was a toiler's neck.

"'This isn't speculation, Fred,' he said. 'This is a fact; this is assured.'

"'I don't care to do it,' said my father.

"'If it's just being a little short of ready money,' said Mr. Collenquest, 'well—my purse is yours, you know—from one figure to six.'

"My father only shook his head.

"'I said fifty thousand,' said Mr. Collenquest, 'but there is nothing to prevent you adding another nought to it.'

"'It's speculation,' said my father.

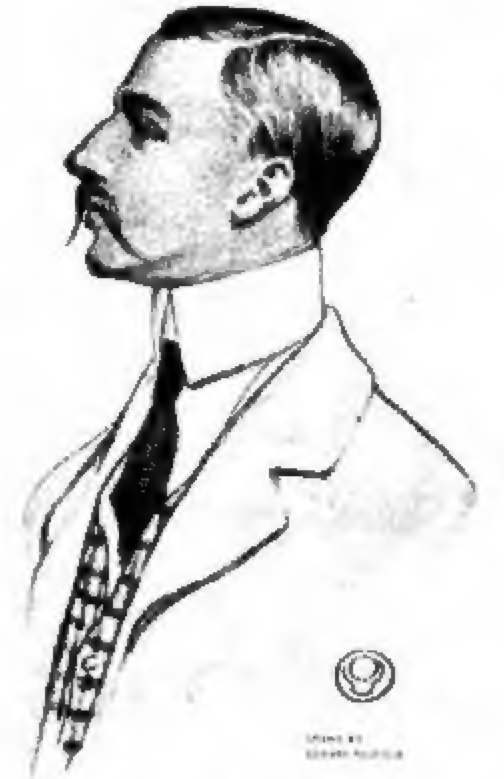
"'Well, I'm sorry,' said Mr. Collenquest. 'I'm getting pretty far into the forties now, Fred, and I don't think the world holds anything dearer to me than a few old friends like yourself.' He put out his hand as he spoke and papa took it. It was awfully affecting. I looked as girly-girly as I could lest they should catch me listening and picked daisies harder than ever.

"'Of course this is sacredly confidential,' said Mr. Collenquest, 'but I know you'll let it go no farther, Fred.'

"'My word on that,' said my father in his grand, gentleman-of-the-old-school way.

"Then they started to walk again, and though I felt a little sneak right down to my shoes, I listened and listened for anything more. But they wandered off into the Pressed Steel Car Company till I ached all over.

"That night I didn't do anything because I wanted to think it over; but the next morning I went to papa and asked him pointblank if I might sell Gee-whizz if I wanted to. He looked very grave and talked a lot about what a good horse Gee-whizz was and how hard I'd find it to replace her. But it was one of papa's rules that there shouldn't be any strings to his presents to me—that's the comfort of having a thoroughbred for your father, you know—and ever since I was a little child he had always told me what was mine was mine to do just what I liked with. He's the whitest father a girl ever had! But he spoke to me beautifully in a sort of man-to-man way and was perfectly splendid in not asking any questions. If he hadn't been such a bubble hater I'd have thrown my arms round his neck and told him everything. So I let it go at promising him the refusal of the mare in case I decided to sell her.



CAPT. CARTWRIGHT

"Then I kited after Mr. Collenquest, whom I found in a hammock reading a basketful of telegrams.

"'Oh, don't get up,' I said (because he was always a most punctilious old fellow). 'The fact is, I just wanted to have a little business talk with you.'

"'Oh, a business talk,' he said, in a be-nice-to-the-child tone.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I thought I might perhaps take a little flyer in Great Western!'

"You ought to have seen him leap out of that hammock! I quaked all over like honest labor in the pictures.

"He smothered an awfully bad swear and turned as pale as a white Panhard.

"'Little girl,' he said, 'you've been listening to things you had no right to hear.'

"'I didn't mean to listen,' I said. 'Really and truly, Mr. Collenquest, I didn't——'

"'You were forty feet away picking wild flowers,' he said.

"'You didn't realize how badly I wanted a Manton.'

"'A Manton!' he cried out. 'What in Heaven's name is a Manton?'

"It's awful to think how little some people know. I'm sure he thought it was something to wear.

"I explained to him what a Manton was.

"'And so you have to have a Manton?' he said.

"'Did you ever want anything so bad that it kept you awake at night?' I said.

"He looked at me a long time without saying a word. He was one of the kings of Wall Street and I was only a five-foot three girl, and I felt such a little cad when I saw his hands were trembling.

"'Jess,' he said, 'if you chose to do it you could half ruin me. You could shake some of the biggest houses in New York; you could drive a National Bank into the hands of a receiver; you could start a financial earthquake!'

"And he looked at me again a long time.

"'The point is,' he began once more, 'are you strong enough to keep such a secret? Have you the character to do it—the grit—the iron determination?'

"'Just watch me!' I said.

"I thought it was a good sign that he smiled.

"'Just keep this to yourself for one month,' he said, 'and I'll send you the biggest, the reddest, the most dangerous, noisy, horse-frightening, man-destroying, high-stepping, high-smelling—what do you call it—Manton?—in the whole United States!'

"'Oh, Mr. Collenquest, I couldn't do that,' I said.

"Then he got frightened all over again.

"'Why not?' he demanded. 'Why not?'

"'I wouldn't put a price on my secrecy,' I said. 'That wasn't what I meant at all, only I thought you might be good-natured enough to let me in on the deal—with a margin on Gee-whizz, you know.'

"'I suppose I'm getting old,' he said, 'and getting stupid—but would you mind explaining to me what you want—in words of one syllable?'

"'You wanted to put papa on a good thing,' I said. 'He wouldn't have it, so I thought you might pass it along to his daughter.'

"'She seems to have passed it along to herself,' he remarked, a bit ironically.

"'It's a very small matter to you,' I pleaded, 'and it's a whole Manton to me.'

"'But the shock nearly killed father,' he said, mopping his bishop forehead.

"'I can make papa give me four hundred and fifty dollars for Gee-whizz,' I said, 'and the question is, is that enough?'

"'Enough for what?' he asked.

"'For a Manton, of course,' I said.

"'Would you mind putting it in figures instead of gasoline?' he said, laughing as though he had made an awfully good joke. I laughed, too—just to humor him.

"'Well,' I said, 'with acetylene lamps, top, baskets, extra tires, French touter, freight, insurance, spare tools and a leather coat—say three thousand.'

"'I can double that for you,' he said.

"'I don't want one cent more,' I said. That was just my chance to shine—and I shined!

"He made a note of it in his pocketbook.

"'That's settled,' he said.

"'Not till I've said one thing more,' I remarked, 'and that is, I sha'n't be horrid if the thing goes the wrong way. My dressmaker put a hundred dollars in an oil company and the oil company man was surer than you—and yet it went pop. I can easily lease my mare back from papa!'

"He lay back again in the hammock and laughed and laughed and laughed.

"'Oh, Jess Hardy,' he said, 'you'll be the death of me,' and he laughed as though it was at one of his own jokes.

"'I'd hate to make a vacancy in the wonderful old class of seventy-nine,' I said.

"'Now I want to say something, too,' he said, getting serious again. 'If you have a pet minister who can't afford a holiday or you want to help your dressmaker pay off her mortgage, or give a boost to a poor family who have had diphtheria—don't you think to help them by tipping off Great Western preferred. That sort of charity may sound cheap but it's likely to cost me hundreds of thousands. Let me know and I'll send them checks.'

"'Don't you worry about me,' I said.

"'I am told you are engaged to an Englishman,' he said; 'an Embassy man at Washington. You aren't making any kind of mental reservation in his case, are you?'

"'He's the last person I tell anything to,' I said. 'That is—anything important, you know.'

"'Then, Miss Jess Hardy,' he said, with his eyes twinkling as though he were giving an Episcopal benediction at a wedding, 'if you'll bring me your four-fifty we'll close the deal.'

"'Perhaps it would be as well to leave papa out of this,' I said. 'I mean about telling him anything, you know.'

"'Oh, distinctly,' he said. 'Fred's a bit old-fashioned and we must respect his prejudices. Wait till you get him on the cowcatcher of your Manton and then break it to him gently.'

"'And, Mr. Collenquest,' I said, 'if you should really think it awfully low and horrid of me to do this—I won't do it,' I said.

"'My dear little girl,' he said, 'get that out of your head at once. I hope your car will prove everything you want it to be, and the same with your Englishman, and I'm only too grateful that it wasn't a steam yacht you had set your heart on, or a palace on the Hudson.'

"There isn't much more to be said about this part of the affair. Papa paid me four-fifty for Gee-whizz and I handed the check to Mr. Collenquest and Mr. Collenquest went away, and then the market began to turn bullish (isn't that the word?) and Great Western went up with a whoop, and it got whoopier and whoopier, and whenever everybody was certain it had reached the top notch it would take another kick skyward, and it went on jumping and jumping till finally there came a check from Mr. Collenquest for three thousand five hundred dollars, with a note saying I must have forgotten about buying Gee-whizz back again and that he had taken the liberty of exceeding my instructions about selling till my shares had touched that figure. Then one morning, as we were at breakfast, a great big splendid Manton car—my car—came whisking up the drive and stopped in front of the house; and the expert (they had thrown him in for a week for nothing—him and an odometer and an ammeter and a new kind of French spark plug they wanted me to try and a gasoline tester—the Mantons are such nice people to deal with in all those little ways)—and the expert sent in word: would Miss Hardy come out and see her new car? And of course Miss Hardy went out and Mr. Hardy went out and my aunt went out, and the five guests that were staying with us went out and the servants went out—and you never saw such a mix-up in all your life, nor such excitement and hurrah-boys generally.

"When it had settled down a bit and the battle-smoke drifted away and showed who had won—which was me, naturally—and I had promised aunt to be oh, so careful, and papa that I'd cross my heart never to go into stocks again, and rides, of course, to the guests, and everything to everybody—then they all went back to breakfast while I had mine out on the veranda—mine and the expert's—and I guess I talked four speeds ahead while he ate on the low gear—he had come ninety miles and wasn't much of a talker at any time—and I just sat there and gloated over my Manton.

The expert was one of the nicest men you ever saw, and we used to take off cylinder-heads and adjust cams and spend hours knocking everything to pieces and putting it together again, so that I might be prepared for getting on without him. He said he hated to think of that time, and what do you suppose he did? I was lying under the machine at the time, studying the differential, while he was jacking up an axle. Proposed, positively! I dropped a nut and a collet pin out of my mouth, I was so astonished. We talked it over for about five minutes through one of the artillery wheels, and I must say he took it beautifully. I wanted to be nice to him because he had been so patient in explaining things and never got tired of being asked the same question, even if it was fifty times. He wiped his eyes with some cotton-waste and told me that even if years were to pass and oceans and continents divide us, I had only to say 'Come' and he'd come—that is, if I ever got into frightful trouble with the Manton.

"When it came to saying good-by to him I let him take my leather cap as a keepsake and accepted a dynamo igniter that he guaranteed not to burn out the wires (though that's exactly what it did a week afterward), and it was all too sad for anything. The governor, you know, that was attached to the igniter, got stuck somehow, and of course the current just sizzled up the plug. Then, when I had been running the machine for about a week and doing splendidly with it, Captain Cartwright turned up from Washington. I suppose I wasn't so pleased as I ought to have been to see him, for though we were engaged and all that, there were wheels within wheels and—— You know how silly girls are and what fool things they do, and Gerard Malcolm—— And the captain, to make matters worse, talked a whole streak about good form and how in England they always walked their automobiles, and how hateful anything like speeding (and going to jail) was to a real English lady, and 'Oh, my dear, would the Queen do it?' Can't you hear him? It goaded me into saying awful things back, and when I took him out for his first spin, as grumpy as only an Englishman can be after you've insulted him from his puggaree to his boots, I just opened the throttle, threw in the high clutch and let her go. There were some things I liked about the captain, and the best was that he didn't scare easy. He folded his arms and never wiggled an eyelash while I took some of the grades like the Empire State Express.

"I knew he was boiling inside in spite of his calm, British, new-washed look, for I hadn't let him kiss me or anything; and nobody, however brave he is, welcomes the idea of being squashed under a ton of old iron. You see, I was in a perfectly vicious humor, thinking what an awful mistake I had made and what a little fool I had been, and how, if it had only been Gerard Malcolm —— And while my hands were clenched on the steering-wheel I could see the mark of his horrid ring sticking through my gauntlet and I wouldn't have cared two straws if I had blown up a tire just then and driven headforemost through a stone wall.

"I had given him about eighteen miles of this sort of thing when the right-hand cylinder began to miss a little. Then after a while the left started to skip, too. I stopped under a tree to look for the trouble and pulled up the bonnet. The spark-plugs were badly carbonized, and when I had seen to them and had put the captain on the crank, we could only get explosions at intervals. There was good compression; everything was lubricating nicely; no heating or sticking anywhere—but the engine had lain down on us! The captain was so angry that he wouldn't speak a word to me, and I knew from his eyes he was secretly delighted at the breakdown. Guess how I felt! But he was too much of a gentleman not to crank—and so he cranked and cranked and still nothing happened. I tried a whole row of things one after another—battery, buzzer, oil or gasoline in the cylinders, poppet-valves—and all it did was to cough in a dreary, tow-me-home-to-mother sort of way. If the captain had known anything about engines and could have made it start I expect I should have married him and lived happily ever afterward. It was just his Heaven-sent chance to win out and show he was the right man for the place. But he didn't know enough to run a phonograph, and began to talk about getting towed home, and how, if *he* ever bought a machine, it would be electric! If I had been out of patience with him before, imagine what I felt *then!* Then he said he knew all the time I was driving too fast and hurting something, and thought he had proved it by the cylinders being hot—as though they aren't always hot! It was awful how stupid he was and helpless and disagreeable. He couldn't even crank properly, and the engine back-fired on him and hurt his hand. Finally I got so desperate that I sat down and cried, while he nursed his hand and said we ought to desert the machine and go home and that papa would be anxious if we didn't turn up to lunch. I knew all the time he was talking about *his* lunch. You don't know what an Englishman is if he isn't fed regularly, and it was now after one o'clock and we were eighteen miles from High Court.

"But I wasn't the girl to give up the ship. As long as there weren't any fractures or things frozen together I knew the expert could have made it go—and if the expert, why not me? If the captain hadn't flurried me with all the silly things he said, I believe I could have ferreted out the trouble all right. But I was so cross and tired and disgusted that my brain was stalled as well as the Manton, and so I gave up for a little while and wouldn't even answer the captain when he spoke to me. Oh, yes, we were pigs, both of us, he in his way and I in mine; and the sun went down and down, and it didn't make me feel any better to think that I was smudged all over with grease and that my hands were something awful—while if there ever was a galley-slave at the oar it was Captain the Honorable John Vincent Cartwright cranking!

"We went on in this way till nearly four o'clock when what should we hear coming along the road but a buggy, and who should be in that buggy if it wasn't Gerard Malcolm with an actressy-looking girl with him. I wasn't over-pleased at the girl part of it, but it did my heart good to see Gerard. He drew up alongside the Manton and leaped out of the buggy, so splendid and handsome and cool and masterful—with a glisten in his eye which said, 'Bring on your gas-engine'—that I loved him harder than ever and could have almost torn the captain's ring off my finger. He didn't waste any time saying how do you do, but just asked this and that and dived in. Then he pegged away for about five minutes, wiped his hands, took his hat that the captain had been holding, and said: 'Gears.'

"'It'll take me about two hours to break them loose,' he said, 'and so if Miss Stanton wouldn't mind trading escorts and if the captain would take the buggy, I think Miss Hardy and I had better stay by the machine.'

"Miss Stanton didn't look nearly so pleased as the captain; but when Gerard said again he positively couldn't manage it under two hours and I snubbed her when she proposed towing, and when the captain brightened up and made a good impression—he was so excited, poor fellow, at the chance of getting away—that it all came right and they drove off cheerfully together. When they had quite disappeared Gerard threw down the wrench he had in his hand and said we'd now have that talk he had been trying to get with me for the past month.

"'We'll do the gears first, thank you,' I said.

"'Gears!' he exclaimed. 'There's nothing wrong with the gears. I thought you were chauffeur enough for that.'

"'But you said——' I began.

"'I can make this machine move in five minutes,' he said, climbing into the tonneau and motioning with his hand for me to take the other seat.

"Of course I obeyed him. I didn't want to, but somehow when Gerard wants a thing I always do it. They say every woman finds her master, and though I hate to admit it even to myself, I suppose Gerard is mine. But I hid it all I could and I daresay I was pretty successful. It came all the easier because Gerard himself was kind of embarrassed, and he colored up and stammered while I sat in the tonneau, waiting for him to begin.

"'I thought you said you were going to talk,' I said.

"'Jess,' he said, 'my sister is going to get married!'

"Now this was news indeed. She was lots older than Gerard—forty years old, if a day—and a chronic invalid. I don't know exactly what was the matter with her, but she had a bad complexion and used to stick pretty tight to the house and was absorbed in church work. She had snappy black eyes and Gerard couldn't call his soul his own. They kept house together, you know, and had been orphans ever since they were little.

"'Oh, married,' I said, pretending to be a little interested.

"'It's Mr. Simpson, the curate,' he said.

"It seemed rude to be too surprised, so I just rattled off some of the usual congratulations. Gerard didn't say a word. He simply looked and looked, and there was something beautiful to me in his shame and backwardness and agitation.

"'It's very unexpected,' he blurted out at last. 'I thought I was going to take care of her always.'

"'I know how you always devoted yourself to her,' I said.

"'I had made up my mind never to marry,' he went on. 'How could I marry, for it would have been like turning her out of doors? She was too ill and helpless and dependent to live by herself, and had I brought a third person into the family it would have been misery all round.'

"Still I said nothing.

"'Jess,' he said suddenly, 'don't you understand? Can't you understand?'

"In fact I did understand very well. It explained a heap of things—why he had always acted so strangely, sometimes so devoted to me, sometimes so distant; crazy to hold my hand one day and avoiding me the next. It was no wonder he had made me utterly desperate and piqued me into accepting the captain. Then he said: 'Jess, Jess,' like that, 'and for God's sake, was it too late?'

"I couldn't trust myself to speak and I could feel my lips trembling. I didn't sob or anything, but the tears just rolled down my cheeks. . . . . . Wasn't it a dead give-away! . . . . . It's awful to care for a man so much as that. I thought it was splendid of him that he didn't try to kiss me. He simply took my hand and pulled off the captain's ring and said I had to give it back to him at once. Then I broke down altogether and began to cry like a baby, while Gerard got out and emptied kerosene from one of the oil lamps into the exhaust-valves. . . . . . You see, pieces of scale from the inside of the cylinders had wedged against the exhaust-valve seats so that they wouldn't close tight but leaked and leaked. Gerard said that new Mantons always fed too rich at first and that he knew what was the matter the moment he stuck his fingers in.

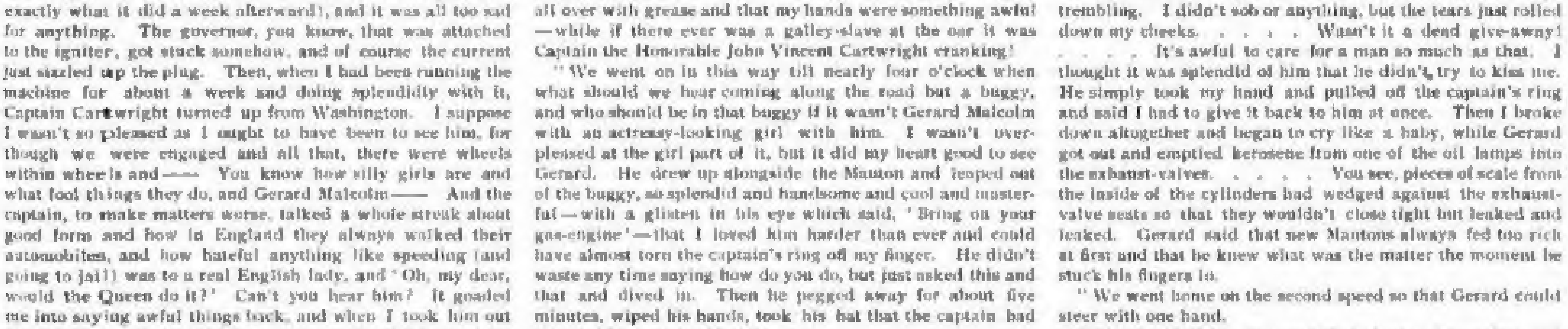
"We went home on the second speed so that Gerard could steer with one hand.

"Oh, the captain? He acted kind of miserable at first, and was awfully sarcastic about being a gentleman and not a gas-engineer. But I said the modern idea was to be both. He got himself transferred home and I really think it was the making of him, for what do you think happened last week? He won the non-stop London to Glasgow race on an 18 h. p. I felt quite proud of him.

"He has asked Gerard and me and the Manton to spend a month with him in England when we go abroad. He said I'd probably be pleased to hear that he had made a lovely garage out of his ancestral Norman chapel. But I suppose that was just his English humor, you know. Anyway, we are the best of friends, and if I ever see him again I'll give him a double toot on my French horn."

"And what became of the curate and Gerard's sister?"

"Oh, they married and went into steam!"



Americans of Today and Tomorrow

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

A Continental Republic

BRIGHT'S character was a strange contradiction. He was an emotional orator and yet a prophet-statesman. The sympathetic orator is not far-sighted. He is affected by the immediate hour and emergency. Battle and conquest are to him tragedy and spoliation; whereas to the thinker they may, perhaps, be incidents of political and social evolution. So much of John Bright's fervor we to-day perceive to have been folly; whereas the utterance which came out of his calm thought and foresight the decades are justifying.

Perhaps the most brilliant paragraph in this remarkable man's speeches is his famous dream of the political unity of the American continent under one flag with one speech and a common jurisprudence. There is something of the ecstasy and exaltation of Isaiah in this passage of Bright's. The veil for him was lifted and he saw Canada and the United States a single Government, with Stars and Stripes floating from Arctic snow to Tropic gulf. But his dream had its roots in the soil of sound reason.

It is almost half a century since John Bright spoke thus. Two years ago Bishop Thoburn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, testifying on Philippine conditions before the Philippine Committee of the United States Senate, gave it as his deliberate judgment that a century or so would behold all the peoples of the earth consolidated into three or four, or at most five, great Governments. This opinion was not given under the heat of passionate eloquence, which the negative-minded might with reason call fustian; it was given as the calm conclusion of a lifetime of patient work for his church among many peoples and in various lands, notably in the Orient. It was given, too, under the sharp fire of alert and skillful cross-examination. The good Bishop had to be on his guard all the time.

The entire paper might be filled with similar citations, but these three will suffice.

For example, a writer on the mixed Indian-Spanish civilization of Mexico intimates that in the course of time, ages perhaps, this land of the ancient Aztecs will also be added to the continental domain of the great Republic. Here we have the cool statement of a trained writer and observer setting down his views in the four walls of his study; correcting them before they went to the publisher and revising the proof.

Note the difference in mental constitution of these three; the different conditions under which they express themselves; their totally diverse viewpoints. Then observe the substantial unity of their thought.

Bright was a little Englander—ever an advocate of contraction as opposed to imperial expansion. Bishop Thoburn is a missionary general—his life given solely to the spread of the gospel. The author last mentioned wrote before the Spanish War had aroused our racial instinct of expansion.

"But it is not these nor such as these who determine or foresee the far ongoing and outcome of peoples and nations," said a reasonable gentleman who condemns, with more force and argument than anybody I know of, the modern tendency toward territorial outreaching. Very well then; let us consider the utterance of "the man in the office," the director of affairs.

Such a man in New York on the evening of July Fourth last, conversing with friends on the day's significance, gave the views of his class on the eventuation of our experiments in expansion. His exact words are better than comment on them.

Said he: "The time has come when we have got to think in decades, in periods of years, in centuries. Conditions are utterly changed. Formerly in our business, for example, the man who saw ahead a single year was considered daring; whereas now we make investments, worthless perhaps, considered from the viewpoint of next month or next year. But they will be of enormous value in the course of the years. The way I look at it is, that the Nation must do its thinking on similar lines, only much larger. Take the Philippines. That business is a matter of fifty or one hundred years. They will cost us lots of trouble in the meantime, but finally they will be far more valuable than anybody now thinks. I do not expect to get anything out of them in my time, yet I am glad to pay my share as a contribution to the far-off and not clearly discerned conclusion of the whole thing. I have that much pride in our Nation. I have that much faith in our destiny."

And yet this man, one of the foremost business men of the Republic, is under fifty years of age, is exclusively a practical man of affairs, engaged in enterprises which do not even remotely touch the Philippine problem or Oriental trade or any of our world affairs—the owner and operator of extensive ore mines and the builder of railways to them.

It is a commonplace that prophecy is hazardous; yet, like many commonplaces, this current saying is not altogether true. Since the triumphs of science in outrunning the most daring forecasts of material thinkers, nobody considers it unreasonable that the trained mind in the laboratory or observatory or on the deep shall foretell things with mathematical accuracy. Weather forecasts are now a part of our daily information, and the business of the nation has come, in a minute degree, perhaps, to take them into account. Witness, too, the astounding and almost weird calculations of the astronomer. And do we not frequently see scientific demonstrations of physical possibilities which next year become realities? All this is not mysterious; it is highly rational. It is only an exercise at higher pressure and higher power of the same intelligence which deduces a rainfall from the sight of leaden clouds in the west. Just so, in the past, statesmen who foresaw the inevitable and declared it, were indulging in no flights of fancy. They were not inspired with any peculiar gift of the prophets. They merely observed two and two in human conditions and world affairs, and then put these two and two together and told the people that the result is four.

Again, there are others who act or speak from racial instinct and quite against the little logic of their own minds. Such do not speak from their own reasoning, but out of the accumulated wisdom of centuries behind them and the race to which they belong. A good example of this class of contradictory mind and deed is the conflicting utterance and act of Thomas Jefferson in the matter of the Louisiana Purchase. As an individual intellect, Thomas Jefferson was against this greatest act of his life. At the time he did it he actually said that we already had in the original thirteen Colonies and the territory then belonging to them more than enough territory to last the American people for a thousand years. And he could not, acting from his personal thinking, justify the acquisition of the Louisiana Purchase. Nevertheless he acquired it. Hardly a century has passed and it is the heart of the Republic. And a century is no time at all in the life of a nation.

Another example of racial tendencies overruling well-reasoned momentary statesmanship is Russia's acquisition of Siberia. Nesselrode, the then dominant mind in Russia, was able to check the advance of Russia's power for over fifty years. Indeed, he was able actually to turn back the tide of Slav advancement. Yet Muravieff, acting along the lines of the thought of Peter the Great, persisted, triumphed, and all Northern Asia to-day is Russian. And every traveler, every student of the world's development, now asserts that Siberia is Russia's most profitable possession and may even, indeed, prove the salvation of the Empire of the Czar.

Coming again to our own brief history, and even to within the memory of living men: Seward's acquisition of Alaska was nothing short of folly from the viewpoint of the day and hour when he acquired it. Yet to-day what American would give it up?

So we see that the outlining of any nation's destiny may be fairly determined by the plainest kind of reasoning which has for its premises actual conditions, race tendencies and the processes of civilization itself.

By processes of civilization is meant those changed and changing methods which new inventions cause the world to adopt. Take, for example, the most conspicuous of these—communication and transportation. With eighty millions of inhabitants, with sectional demagogues and their allies, this Republic could not hold together were it not for the solidarity given us by telegraph, telephone and railroad. Suppose that this country had its present population but with no instruments of commerce, no methods of communication except those existing when the Constitution was adopted. The Nation would be too big to keep in touch, under such conditions, and we should have a Southern Republic and a Republic of the Mississippi Valley, and another one of the New England and the States adjacent to the Atlantic seaboard, should we not? But when we see in our magazine a railroad's advertisement that its vestibuled train, electric-lighted throughout, will start from Chicago at a certain hour and land you on the Pacific Coast in three days; when we board a train in New York and alight from it in Chicago at the end of twenty hours; when another famous line will take us from the Lakes to the Gulf without change of cars; when you can telegraph from Portland, Maine, to San Francisco and have your words reach their destination (by sun time) before the message was sent; when we try to grasp the inconceivably vast and minute ramification of our postal service, which connects every farmhouse on the continent with every other one; when we take thought of our rural free-delivery service, which even now is making the scores of American millions a band of neighbors; when we think of all these we begin to understand what is meant by the processes of civilization.

This, of course, is only one phase of those processes, but it serves to illustrate.

If now we have something of a basis from which we may reason into the future, let us see if we cannot at least determine something of the destiny of the American people—not their destiny, of course, in the long sweep of the ages, but their reasonable, even their inevitable future, now within the easy sight of thinking minds.

First of all, let us look at The American of Tomorrow who is going to work out the Nation's destiny.

The American man and woman of the next and succeeding generations will be, compared with ourselves, perfect physical, mental and moral types. Note with what great care American children are reared to-day; and contrast this with the nurture and culture of children fifty and seventy-five years ago. Observe that the man and woman who occupied and subdued the continent were so desperately engaged with the forces of nature that little time or energy was left for the thoughtful care of children. Every hour of time and every ounce of energy were devoted to the physical development of the land; but now this period is passing, and there is sufficient leisure and wealth to give attention to the rearing of the young. Throughout the Republic excellent minds make the study of the mental and physical needs of childhood their life's work and profession. So, for example, we see that in the matter of diet the proper kind of food is selected for the different ages of the developing boy and girl; and widely read periodicals deal exclusively with the profoundly important subject of child-nurture.

Also, the land is fairly sown with kindergartens; and the methods of these kindergartens show a steady and marked improvement. Thus the mind of the child is on the one hand not left to shift for itself, nor, on the other hand, is it forced by hothouse processes.

The church has become sensible also of the needs of youth, and the young are taken in hand at the earliest intelligent age not only by the Sunday-school, but by Epworth League, Christian Endeavor and kindred societies, and trained in moral and religious ideals. At your first leisure week take a journey through the States of the Mississippi Valley and attend, as a matter of curious study, these meetings of the young in village or town or city. If you have not given this phase of American development particular attention, you will be amazed at the number and quality of the attendance.

The common school is sown so thickly over the continent that, surveyed at a distance, the Republic appears to be one great field of sane instruction and ripening intelligence. The improved methods in the work of common education would require for their adequate description an entire volume.

A recent magazine article gave a comprehensive description of the method now in rapid adoption and everywhere needed, of getting children in the country to the schoolhouse by public conveyance. This common-school omnibus or carriage is in many places becoming as much a part of the school equipment as our desks and blackboards. Thus, all phases of unkindly weather are eliminated from the country common-school problem just as space and time have been eliminated from the business problem by railroad and telegraph.

The Improvement in Public Morals

ALSO, who has not observed the spread of circulating libraries? These are not confined to cities and towns; but just as rural free delivery brings the farmer's daily paper to his doorstep in the evening, so rural circulating libraries place on his table the best books at a cost absurdly small.

Observe now the immense improvement in American public morals. Professor McMasters, in his capital little book, "With the Fathers," tells us of the election frauds perpetrated by our supposedly virtuous ancestors. To be sure we have public frauds now, but they do not go without protest. The daily papers make their chief business the protest against official misconduct; and if it does not really exist, the papers, knowing well what will catch the public attention, assume that it exists and attack the imaginary evils with equal vigor as real evils. Note also that to-day a United States Senator who should advocate the passage of a bill in the interest of a private client would thereby loose upon himself the watchdogs of our political morality who would bay him out of public life; yet we are told in a recent credible volume that Daniel Webster did this very thing and was quite open about it. Also, the American Senator who would to-day drink whisky during the course of the delivery of a speech would within five minutes have nothing but empty seats for his auditors, while the morning papers all over the Republic would next day have pictures of him, with heavy headlines of condemnation; yet we are told that just this was done in that august and historic chamber less than sixty years ago. The morality of our public men, too, is beyond comparison better than formerly; and that which in the days of Clay was taken as a matter of course, would in 1903 certainly retire a man at the earliest possible moment that his constituency could deliver him their verdict.

On the other hand, reflect on the keen interest of the American people in athletics and sports. Do not our metropolitan papers issue special editions devoted to baseball and the like? And athletic clubs have already become the most notable feature of all the curious club development of our cities. It has been demonstrated (though the fact is so natural that demonstration seems superfluous) that the stature and longevity of the American are both steadily increasing; so is his capacity for sustained work as an individual, and for conservative and sensible thinking as a mass of individuals. Observe that it becomes easier and easier to defeat unsound movements and wild tendencies in public affairs, and this merely by the calmest kind of appeal to the thinking American.

And all of this is but the beginning. Can we not, therefore, reason from these premises the conclusion that The American of To-Morrow will be so sane, so steady, so moral, and also so physically strong, that the problems which to-day affright us, who are weaker and more mentally befogged than our children will be when they grow to manhood and womanhood, will seem to them comparatively easy propositions?

"I wish I could have your amazing faith in the American people and their future," said an earnest, patriotic and learned gentleman who had confined himself too much to his clubroom, his study and his books. Well! But if one gets out among the American people themselves, with eyes to see and ears to hear, nothing but the most exalted faith is possible to an intelligent man. It takes the utmost strength of his understanding even to observe the tremendous mental, moral and physical evolution going on all around us. He cannot comprehend it, of course. Only the Supreme Mind can comprehend it. But even with our limited intelligence and frail faith, we — even we — can see the beauty, nobility, purity and power of The American of To-Morrow.

In this analysis and forecast we are, of course, referring to the great overwhelming majority of the American people. We are distinctly excluding the little ten or maybe fifty thousand of the *trifling classes* that we read of as constituting professional "society" in our great cities. These are not an appreciable quantity; they have neither understanding nor sympathy with the rest of America's eighty million and they may be left out of account in any calculation of American development of future consequence. They attract attention in inverse ratio to their merit. For their influence on American thought and character is absolutely nothing at all, unless it be the negative influence for good which a bad example always is when observed by pure and sane minds.

We are agreed, then, that the American people as a people are developing in body, mind and morals into a type almost justifying the adjective "glorious."

And this American people is numerically increasing in a healthful and hopeful ratio; not so much as Russia, which by reproduction alone adds over two millions to her population each year, nor as Germany, which by reproduction alone and in spite of emigration adds nearly one million each year to her population. But still our American increase is healthful, steady and sound. Twenty years more and we shall have a hundred millions. Fifty years from now it is estimated that our population will not be less than one hundred and fifty millions. A century gives us over two hundred million people. And yet we even now find ourselves almost touching elbows, and we have only eighty millions.

It is clear, then, that our activities will be organized far more carefully and perfectly than at present; just as our increased numbers and perfection of communication render the modern organization of industry necessary and inevitable. It would be impossible for us to get along to-day with the commercial methods in use at the time the Constitution was adopted. If there is not to be, when our population is a little larger, a contention among ourselves that will split us in pieces commercially and industrially, and even politically, there will have to be a development of the coöperative idea as against the competitive idea — a development of the principle of commercial and industrial peace among ourselves, as against the idea of industrial and commercial warfare among ourselves.

Here is no attempt to outline what forms this development will take. Events will settle that. Events have a wise way of solving problems which the philosopher thought impossible of solution before the Event arrived. However, we can vaguely see in their crude beginnings the idea of an industrial and commercial system which will make it possible for the dense population of the future to live in peace with itself. That there are and will be evils of a temporarily serious and sometimes shameful nature in this process of development is not a matter of much moment in the long run. We will attend to these evils as they arise — are attending to them even now. If the good of this industrial development is fundamental and reaches cheapness in production, ease and speed in distribution, the incidental evils are sure to be eliminated naturally, even if we as an intelligent people do not take special measures to end them.

The High Quality of Our Immigration

BUT when we get one hundred million people in this country, one hundred and fifty million, two hundred million, we are not going suddenly to stop increasing. Even if it be true, as some scientists assert, that our climate steadily reduces our reproductive capacity, still the constant stream of vitality poured into the Republic by immigration from other countries will keep our physical vigor at hightide. And with all that is said against immigration, be itnoted that the majority of our immigrants are the most vigorous physical types produced in their respective countries. Also, most of them are the choice spirits among the common working people of the lands from which they come. Otherwise, they would have neither the energy nor the daring to cross the seas. They would prefer the simple comfort of their humble lives in Sweden, Germany, Italy, to braving the unknown, and transplanting themselves at middle life on an alien soil. For let what will be said of the common people of European countries, every traveler must observe that on the whole they are physically hearty and, in an animal way, fairly well-conditioned.

Agreeing, then, upon the qualities of the future American, agreeing upon our future population, do we not begin to see the reasonableness of Bright's prophecy? Is not the union of the American Republic and the British Dominions north of us in the far future quite as natural as the mingling of the waters of the St. Lawrence, half American, half English, and yet all one river? Ultimately, neither the fears nor the ambitions of any politician can prevent it. Statesmanship may retard but cannot stop it in the end. Even the influence of invested capital in Canada, which finds a freedom from irritation by the Canadian Government unknown here in our Republic, cannot delay it when the hour strikes.

Of course, we are speaking now from the historic point of view. American continental union may not come in our day. But the elemental influences which will in the end produce it even now throw a thin stream of American immigration into the agricultural empire of Central Western Canada. In 1902 the people of Iowa alone invested $20,000,000 in lands in Manitoba. It is like the first tricklings of water through a weakening dam. Steadily it will grow in volume and finally it will overflow the entire British Dominions north of us. Historically speaking, the day is not far distant when the majority of Canadian voters will be American immigrants; just as the majority of active workers and property-holders in the Transvaal came to be British instead of Dutch. It may be fifty or even a hundred years; but we are now considering ultimate events.

Here is no argument pro or con upon this great question. Here is merely a survey of the situation. The beneficent results of continental union will occur to any one who thinks. But that continental union is a part of American destiny, is determined by geography, by practically similar institutions, and most of all by the influence of national gravitation. It is an historical certainty.

Editor's Note — This is the next to the last paper in Mr. Beveridge's series.

You Wait!

By Edmund Vance Cooke

When you and I were little boys,
Afraid of girls and fond of toys,
It often chanced that some distress
Imposed upon our littleness.
Perhaps we entered in the lists
Against some boy with faster fists;
Perhaps the teacher kept us in
Not for our own, but others' sin;
Perhaps parental wrath was felt
(Against all rules) below the belt;
And, smarting in our childish hate,
We threatened: "Never mind! you wait!
I'll make you sorry *some* day, when
I get to be a big *man*. Then
I — well — I *will!*"

And now that we are little men,
It likewise happens, now and then,
We have a round or two with Fate
And find we're somewhat underweight.
Perhaps your services are spurned,
Perhaps my poem is returned;
Perhaps some hand preempts the peach
Just ripening within your reach;
Perhaps some critic gently swats
Me somewhere in the vital spots.
And then, although we dryly grin,
The little voice is heard within —
"I'll show these fellows *some* day, when
I get to be a *big* man. Then
I — *well* — I will!"

And though a larger place we fill,
The Nemesis is working still.
The author's favorite book is cursed,
The judge's ruling is reversed;
The Congressman sits meekly by
Unfavored of the Speaker's eye;
The Senator stands down the line
When Cabinet officials dine;
The President's knee becomes infirm
Before the god, Another Term.
And in the inmost heart of each
There cries again the boyish speech:
"It will be different *some* day when
I am a *great big* man. Ah, then
I — well — *I* will."

THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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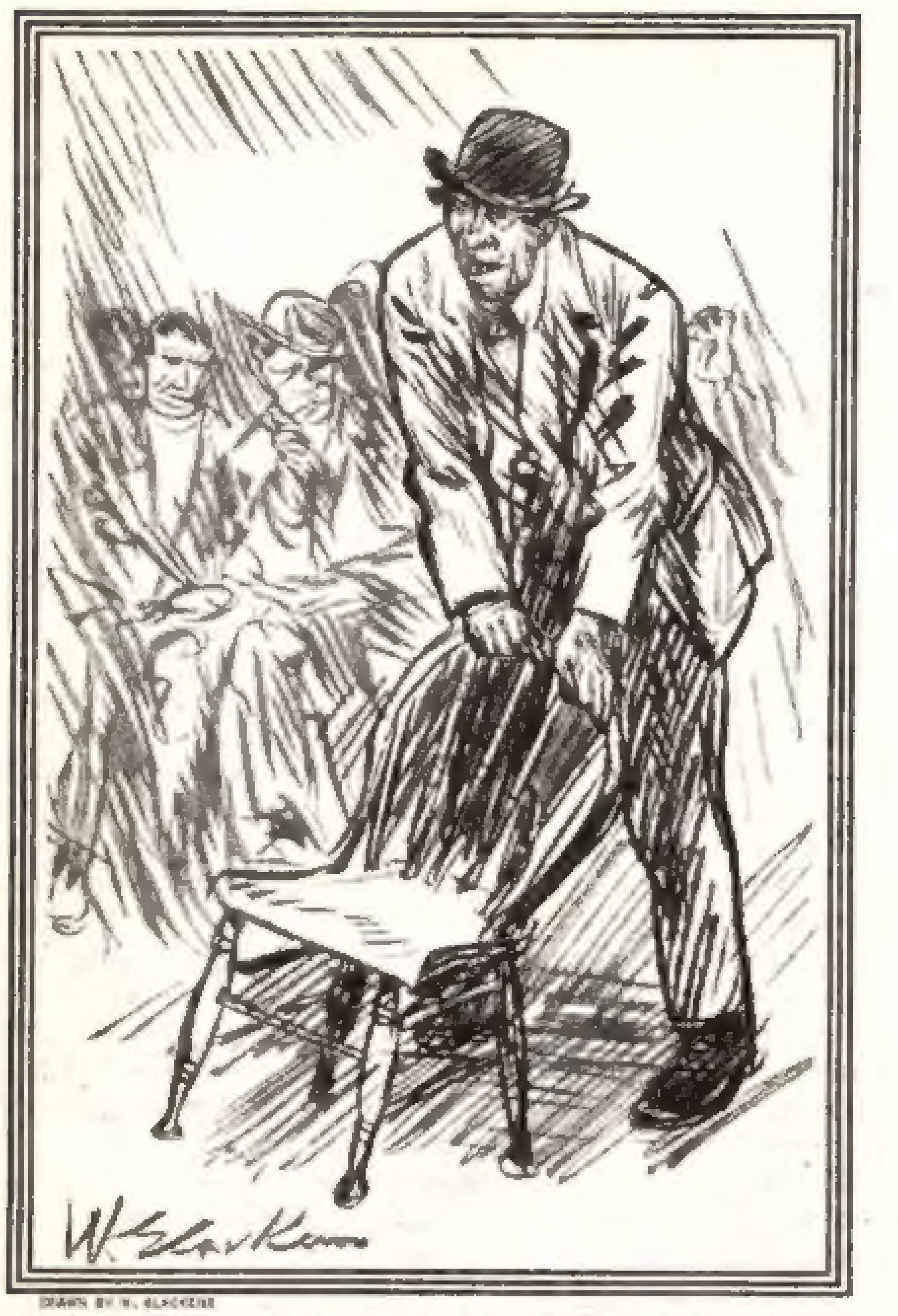


DRAWN BY W. GLACKENS

"IT'S A STEAL!" HE CRIED, SPRINGING TO HIS FEET

CHAPTER VI

BIG KENNEDY'S success at the election served to tighten the rivets of his domination. It was now I looked to see him ferret forth and punish those renegades who had wrought against him in the dark. To my amazement he engaged himself in no such retaliatory labor. On the contrary, he smiled on all about him like the sun at noon. Was it folly or want of heart that tied his hands? Assuredly it was error, and this I submitted to Old Mike. That veteran of policy shook his head, meanwhile beaming upon me in a way of fatherly cunning.

"Jawn knows his business," said Old Mike. "Those people didn't rebel, they sold out. That's over with an' gone by. Everybody'll sell ye out if he gets enough; that's a rishk ye have to take. There's that Limerick man Gaffney, however; ye'll see something happen to Gaffney. He's one of thim patent leather Micks an' puts on airs. He's schemin' to tur-rn Jawn down an' take th' wa-ard. Ye'll see something happen to that Limerick man Gaffney."

Gaffney made his money with flour and feed and hay and similar goods. Also, as Old Mike said, Gaffney was ambitious. It was within the week when a midnight shower of stones smashed sash and glass and laid waste that offensive merchant's place of business. Gaffney restored his sash and glass only to invite a second midnight storm of stones. Three times were Gaffney's windows smashed by hands unknown; and no police officer would happen to be within two blocks of Gaffney's. In the end Gaffney came to Big Kennedy. The latter met him with a hectoring laugh.

"Why do you come to me?" asked Big Kennedy. "Somebody's been tryin' to smash the windows of my leadership for a year, but I never went howlin' about it to you."

Gaffney seemed not a little shaken. He asked, in a manner sullen yet beaten, what he should do.

"I'd get out of th' ward," replied Big Kennedy as cool as ice. "Somebody's got it in for you. Now, a man that'll throw a brick will light a match, d'ye see, an' a feed store would burn like a tar barrel."

"If I could sell out, I'd quit," said Gaffney.

"Well," responded Big Kennedy, "I always like to help a friend."

Grocer Fogel bought Gaffney's store, making a bargain.

This iron-bound lesson in practical politics I dwell on in full. I drew from it some notion of the stern character of that science. Old Mike, from the pinnacles of his hard experience, looked down to justify it.

"Gaffney would do th' same," said Old Mike, "if his a-arm was lang enough. Politics is a game where losers lose all; it's like war, shure, only no one's kilt — at any rate, not so many."

As the days drew on I grew in favor with Big Kennedy and the blossom of my favor took on this color.

"Why don't you start a club?" he asked one afternoon as we sat in his sanctum. "You could bring two hundred young fellows together, couldn't you?"

"Yes," I replied. I spoke doubtfully; the suggestion was of the sharpest and gave me no space to think. It was one, too, which asked many questions of the kind that don't answer themselves. "But where would they meet?"

"There's the big lodge-room over my place." And Big Kennedy tossed his stubby thumb toward the ceiling. "You could meet there. There's a dumb-waiter from below to send up beer and smokes."

"How about the Tin Whistles," I hinted. "Would they do to build on?"

"Leave the Tin Whistles out. They're all right as shoulder-hitters, an' a better, swifter gang to help out at the polls or break up the opposition's meetins never walked the streets. But for a play of this kind they're a little off color. Your Tin Whistles can join, man by man, but if they do they must sing low. They mustn't try to give the show; it's the back seat for them. What you're out for now is the respectable young workin' man racket; that's the lay." Now Big Kennedy's smile broadened to a laugh.

"But there's the money," said I. "These people I have in mind haven't much money."

"Of course not," retorted Big Kennedy confidently, "an' what little they have they need for beer. But listen: You get the room free. Then once a year your club gives an excursion on the river; it ought to sell hundreds of tickets, because there'll be hundreds of officeholders an' breweries an' saloon keepers an' that sort who'll be crazy to buy 'em. If they ain't crazy to start with, you ought to be able to make 'em crazy th' first election that comes 'round. The excursion should bring three thousand dollars over an' above expenses, d'ye see. Then you can give balls in the winter an' sell tickets. Then there's subscriptions an' hon'ry memberships. You'll ketch on; there's lots of ways to skin th' cat. You can keep th' club in clover an' have some of the long green left. That's settled, then; you organize a young men's club. You be president an' treasurer; see to that. An' now," here Big Kennedy took me by the shoulder and looked me instructively in the eye, "it's time for you to be clinchin' onto some stuff for yourself. This club's goin' to take a lot of your time. It'll make you do plenty of work. You're no treetoad; you can't live on air an' scenery." Big Kennedy's look deepened and he shook me as one who demands attention. "You'll be president an' treasurer, partic'larly treasurer; an' I'll chip you in this piece of advice: A good cook always licks his fingers." Here he winked deeply.

This long speech was not thrown away. Big Kennedy having delivered himself lapsed into silence, while I sat ruminating ways and means and what initiatory steps I should take.

"What shall we call it?" I asked as I rose to go.

"Give it an Indian name," said Big Kennedy. "S'ppose you call it The Red Jacket Association."

Within the fortnight the Red Jackets held their maiden meeting. It was an hour rife of jubilation, fellowship and cheer. While abstinence from drink was my guiding phrase, I made no point of the sort in the instance of others, and a nearby brewery having contributed unlimited beer, those whom it pleased lacked no reason for a light heart.

As Big Kennedy had advised, I was chosen for the double responsibilities of president and treasurer. I may say in my own compliment, however, that these honors came drifting to my feet. There were reasons for this aside from any stiffness of heart or arm which might be mine. I have said that I was by disposition as wordless as a tree, and this mighty gift of silence earned me the name of wisdom. I was looked on as one whose depth was rival to the ocean's. Stronger still as the argument by which I rose was my sobriety. The man who drinks, and whether it be little or much, never fails to save his great respect for him who sets whisky aside.

"An' now," remarked Big Kennedy, when the new club had found fortunate birth, "with these Red Jackets to make th' decent front, th' Tin Whistles to fall back on for the rough work, and Gaffney out of th' way, I call th' ward cleaned up. I'll tell you this, my son: after th' next election you shall have an office or there's no such man as Big John Kennedy." He smote the table with his heavy hand until the glasses danced.

"But I won't be of age," I suggested.

"What's the difference," said Big Kennedy. "We'll play that you are, d'ye see. There'll be no one fool enough to talk about your age if I'm at your elbow. We'll make it a place in the dock department; that'll be about your size. S'ppose we say a perch where there's twelve hundred dollars a year an' nothin' to do but draw th' scads an' help your friends."

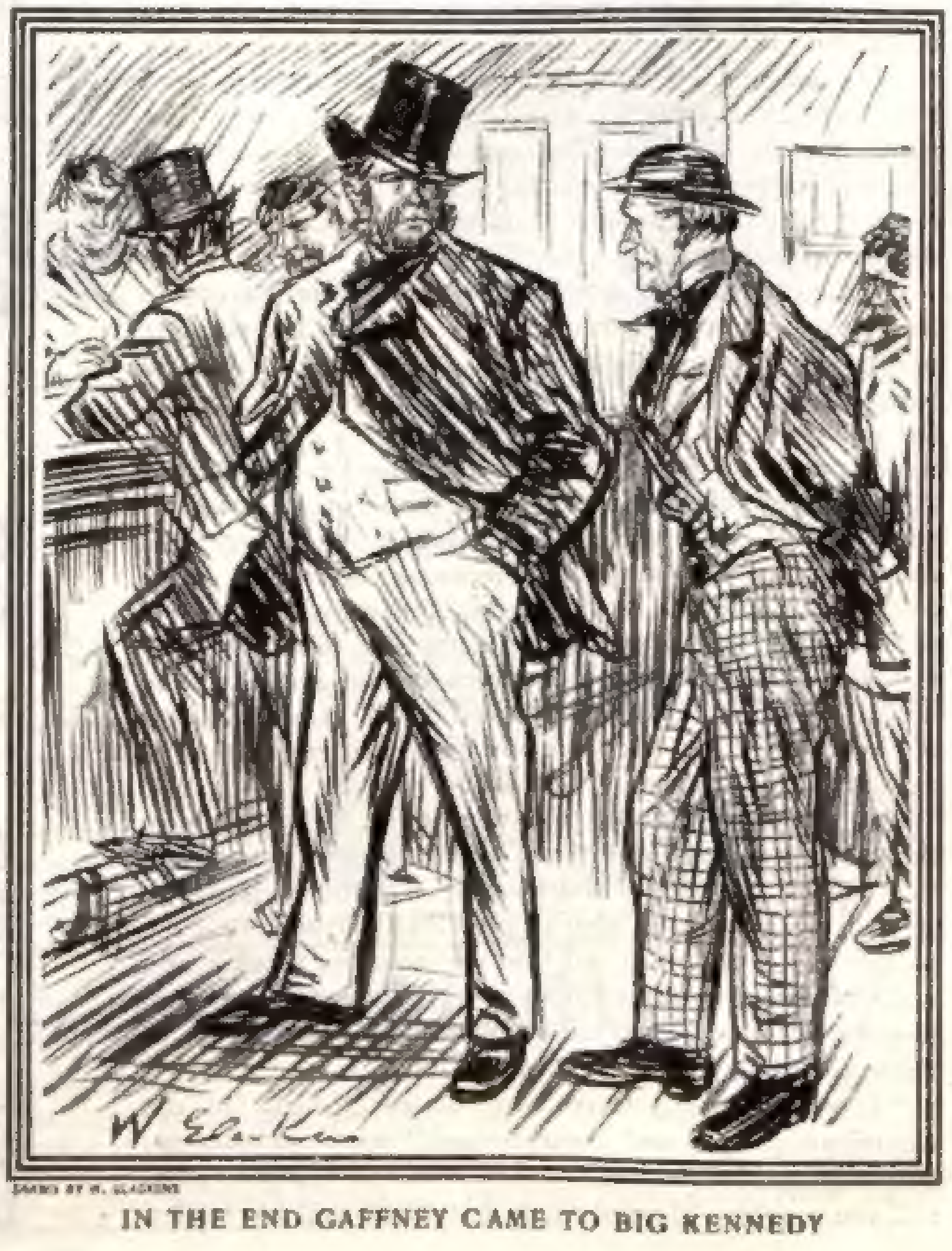
Jimmy the Blacksmith was an under-captain of Big Kennedy's and prevailed as vote-master in the northern end of the ward. Within certain fixed frontiers which ran on one side within a block of my home it was the business of Jimmy the Blacksmith to have watch and ward. He had charge of what meetings were held, and under the thumb of Big Kennedy carried forward the war and on election day got out the vote.

Having given the question its share of thought, I determined for myself on a forward, upward step. My resolution — heart and soul — set iron-hand to drive Jimmy the Blacksmith from his place and have up my own rule over that narrow kingdom.

Nor did I say aught to Big Kennedy of this private war which I meditated. Not that he would have interfered either to thwart or aid me, but, by the ethics of the situation, to give him such news was neither proper nor expected. To fight Jimmy the Blacksmith for his crown was not only right by every rule of ward justice, but it was the thing encouraged as a method best likely to bring the strongest to the fore. Take what you may, keep what you can! was a Tammany statute; I should be right enough in that overthrow of Jimmy the Blacksmith I was bent upon if only I proved strong enough to bring it about. No, I was not to give word of my campaign to Big Kennedy; it was none of his affair, and he would prefer to be ignorant since he was bound to stand neutral. It is policy, thus to let the younger cocks try beak and spur among themselves; it develops leadership and is the one sure way of safety in picking out your captains.

There was one drawback: I didn't live within that region of which I would make prize. However, ambition edged my wits and I bethought me of a plan whereby I might plow around that stump.

It was my own good fortune that I had no love but only hate for Jimmy the Blacksmith. I was yet softened by reason of my years and had we been friends I might have been withheld from attacking him. Youth is generous, wherefore youth is weak. It is not until age has stopped these leaks in one's nature, and one ceases to give and only lives to take and keep, that one's estate begins to take on fat. Have the word, therefore, of him whose scars speak for his experience; that one will be wise who regards generosity as a malady, a mere disease, and sets to cure it with every sullen, cruel drug the case demands. I say it was my good luck to hate Jimmy the Blacksmith. He had never condoned that election blow, and I must confess there was reason for this hardness. His jaw had been broken and, though mended, it was still all of one side and made him a most forbidding spectacle. And he nursed a thought of revenge in his breast; there came a light in his eye when we met that belongs with none save him



DRAWN BY W. GLACKENS

IN THE END GAFFNEY CAME TO BIG KENNEDY

whose merest wish is murder. I should have had more than black looks but that his heart was of a pale and treacherous family that can strike no blow in front, and thus far no gate of opportunity had opened to him to spring upon me unaware. For all of which, not alone my ambition, but my safety and my pleasure urged me for the destruction of Jimmy the Blacksmith.

That epithet of the Blacksmith was born of no craft of the forge. Jimmy the Blacksmith was no more a blacksmith than a bishop. If he ever did a day's work, then the fact was already so far astern on the currents of time that no eye of memory might discern it. The title was won in a brawl wherein he slew a man. True to his nature, Jimmy slunk away from his adversary and would not face him. He returned, carrying a blacksmith's hammer. Creeping behind the other, Jimmy suddenly cried, with an oath:

"I'll clink your anvil for you!"

With that word the hammer descended and the victim fell, his skull crushed like an eggshell. It required a deal of perjury to save the murderer from rope and trap. I should not say he was set backward by this bloodshed, since most men feared him for it and stepped out of his way, giving him what he asked for in the name of their own safety. It was for this work he was called the Blacksmith, and he wore the word as though it were a decoration.

Such was the man on whose downfall I stood resolved and whose place I meant to make my own. The thing was simple of performance, too; all it asked was secrecy and a little wit. There was a Tammany Club, one of regular sort and not like my Red Jacket Association, which was volunteer in its character. It met in that kingdom of the Blacksmith's as a little parliament of politics. This club was privileged each year to name for Big Kennedy's approval a man for that post of under-captain. The annual selection was at hand. For four years the club had named Jimmy the Blacksmith; there came never the hint for believing he would not be pitched upon again.

Now be it known that scores of my Red Jackets were residents of the district over which Jimmy the Blacksmith held sway. Some there were who already belonged to his club. I gave those others word to join at once. Also I told them, as they regarded their standing as Red Jackets, to be present at that annual meet.

The night arrived; the room was small and, the attendance—except for my Red Jackets—being slight, my people counted for three-quarters of those present. With the earliest move I took possession of the meeting and selected its president. Then, by a resolution, I added to the public domain of the club the block in which I resided. That question of residence replied to, instead of Jimmy the Blacksmith I was named ballot captain for the year. It was no more complex as a transaction than counting ten. The fact was accomplished like snapping thumb and finger; I had set the foot of my climbing on Jimmy the Blacksmith's neck.

That unworthy was present, and to say that he was made mad with the fury of it would be to write with snow the color of his feelings.

"It's a steal!" he cried, springing to his feet. The little bandbox of a hall rang with his roarings. Then, to me: "I'll fight you for it! You don't dare meet me in the Peach Orchard to-morrow at three!"

"Bring your sledge, Jimmy," shouted some humorist; "you'll need it."

The Peach Orchard might have been a peach orchard in the day of Peter Stuyvesant. All formal battles took place in the Peach Orchard. Wherefore, and because the challenge, for its propriety, was not without precedent, to the Peach Orchard at the hour named I repaired.

Jimmy the Blacksmith, however, came not. Some one brought the word that he was sick; whereat those present, being fifty gentlemen with a curiosity to look on carnage and whose own robust health led them to regard the term "sickness" as a synonym for the preposterous, jeered the name of Jimmy the Blacksmith from their hearts.

"Jimmy the Curl it ought to be," growled one, whose disappointment over a fight deferred was bitter in the extreme.

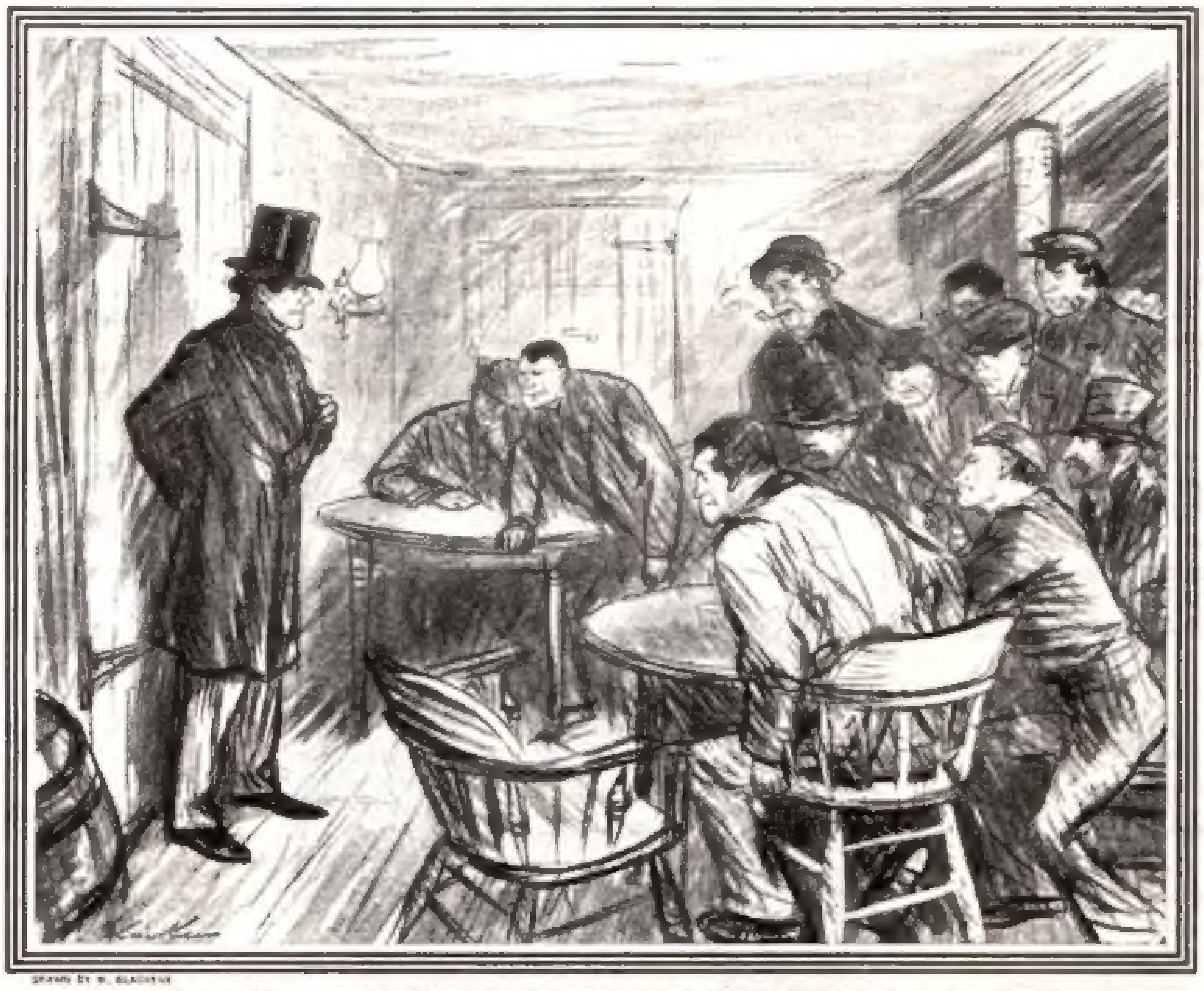
Perhaps you will argue that it smacked of the underhand thus to steal upon Jimmy the Blacksmith and take his place from him without due warning given. I confess it would have been more like chivalry if I had sent him, so to say, a glove and told my intentions against him. Also, it would have augured labor and multiplied risk. The great thing is to win, and win cheaply. A victory that costs more than it comes to is nothing but a mask for defeat.

"You're down and out," said Big Kennedy, when Jimmy the Blacksmith brought his injuries to that chieftain. "Your reputation is gone, too; you were a fool to say 'Peach Orchard' when you lacked the nerve to make it good. You'll never hold up your head ag'in in th' ward, an' if I was you I'd line out after Gaffney. This is a bad ward for a mongrel, Jimmy, an' I'd skin out."

Jimmy the Blacksmith followed Gaffney and disappeared from the country of Big Kennedy. He was to occur again in my career, however, as he who reads shall see, and under conditions which struck the color from my cheek and set my heart to a trot with the terrors they loosed at its heels.

CHAPTER VII

NOW it was that in secret my ambition took a hearty start and would, vine-like, creep and clamber. My triumph over Jimmy the Blacksmith added vastly to my stature of politics. Moreover, the sly intrigue by which I conquered began to found for me a fame. I had been locally illustrious, if I may so set the term to work, for an iron fist and a courage as rooted as a tree. For these traits the roughs revered me, and I may say I found my uses and rewards. Following my conquest of that under-captaincy, however, certain upper circles began to take account of me; circles which, if no purer than those others of ruder feather, were wont to produce more bulging profits in the pockets of their membership. In brief, I came to be known for one capable and cunning of a plot, and who was not without a genius for the executive.



DRAWN BY W. GLACKENS

THE MOMENT I SET FOOT WITHIN THAT REAR DOOR I SAW IT WAS A TRAP

With Big Kennedy I took high position. His relations with Jimmy the Blacksmith never had been close; he never unbuckled in any friendship and he felt for him nothing nearer than distrust. But for me he held another pose. Big Kennedy, upon my elevation, fairly made me his partner in ward rule—a partnership wherein, to speak commercially, I might be said to have an interest of one-fourth. This promotion brought me pleasure; and being only a boy when all was in, though I went outwardly quiet, my spirit in the secrecy of my own bosom would on occasion moderately spread its tail and strut.

Now as time passed I became like the shadow of Big Kennedy's authority throughout the ward; my voice was listened to and my word obeyed. I should say, too, that I made it a first concern to carry the interest of Big Kennedy ever on the back of my thought. This should be called the fruit neither of loyalty nor gratitude; I did it because it was demanded of my safety and to curry advantage for myself. For all that attitude on his part of confident friendship, I was not put off my guard. Big Kennedy never let my conduct roam beyond his ken. A first sign of an interest outside his own would have meant my instant disappearance. He would have plucked me of my last plume. With a breath he could reduce me to be a beggarman where now I gave alms. Having, therefore, the measure of his felt abilities, I was not so blind as to draw their horns my way.

Still, though I went tamely to heel at a word from Big Kennedy, I had also resolved to advance. I meant before all was over to mount the last summit of Tammany Hall. I laid out my life as architects lay out a building; it would call for years, but I had years to give.

My work with Grocer Fogel had ended long ago. I now gave myself entirely to the party and to deepen the foundations of its power. Inside our lines a mighty harmony prevailed. Big Kennedy and those headquarters enemies who once schemed for his defeat had healed their differences and the surface of events showed as serene as summer seas.

About this time a great star was rising in the Tammany sky; a new chief was gaining evolution. Already his power was first, and although he cloaked his dictatorship with prudence, the sophisticated knew how his will was even then as law and through his convenient glove of velvet felt his grip of steel. For myself, I narrowly observed the unfolding of his genius. His methods as well as those of Big Kennedy were now my daily lesson. I had ever before me in that formative, plastic hour the examples of these past masters of the art of domination.

It was well for me. A dictator is so much unlike a poet that he is made, not born. He must build himself; and when completed, he must save himself from being torn to pieces. No one blunders into a dictatorship; one might as well look to blunder upon some mountain peak. Even blunders are amenable to natural law, and it can be taken as a truism that no one blunders uphill. Wherefore, he who would be dictator and with his touch determine the day for pushing, struggling, rebelling thousands and mould their times for them, must study. And study hard I did.

The Red Jackets received my most jealous care. They deserved it, since their existence offered measurably for my support. When the day arrived, I was given that twelve-hundred-dollar place with the docks whereof Big Kennedy had spoken, and under his suggestion and to the limits of my strength made what employ of it I might for my own and my friends' behoof. But those twelve hundred dollars would not go far in the affairs of one who must for their franchises lead hither and yon some scores of folk, all of whom had but the one notion of politics, that it was founded on free beer. There came, too, a procession of borrowers, and it was a dull day when in sums from a dime to a dollar I did not to these clients part with an aggregate that would have supported any family for any decent week. There existed no door of escape; these charges and others of similar kidney must be met and borne; it was the only way to keep one's hold of politics; and so Old Mike would tell me.

"But it's better," said that savant, "to lind people money than give it to 'em. You kape thim bechune your thumb an' finger longer by lindin'."

It was on the Red Jackets I leaned most for personal revenue. They were my breadwinners. No Tammany organization, great or small, kept books. No man could say what was received or what was disbursed, or name him who gave or got: and that is as it should be. If it were otherwise, one's troubles would never earn an end. For the Red Jackets I was, to steal a title from the general organization, not alone the treasurer but the wiskinskie. In this latter rôle I collected the money that came in. Thus the interests, financial, of the Red Jackets were wholly between my hands; and, recalling what Big Kennedy said anent a good cook, I failed not to lick my fingers.

Money was in nowise difficult to get. The Red Jackets were formidable both for numbers and influence, and their favor or resentment meant a round one thousand votes. Besides, there stood the memorable Tin Whistles, reckless, militant, prompt for any midnight thing, and their dim outlines, like a challenge or a threat, filled up the cloudy background. Wherefore those with hopes or fears of office, and those who as merchants or saloon-keepers, or who gambled or did worse, to say nothing of builders who found the streets and pavements a convenient even though an illegal resting-place for their materials, never failed of response to a suggestion that the good Red Jackets stood in need of help. Every man-Jack of these contributing gentry, at their trades of dollar getting, was violating law or ordinance, and I, who had the police at my beck, could instantly contract their liberties to a point that pinched. When such were the conditions, any one with an imagination above a shoemaker's will see that to produce what funds my wants demanded would be the lightest of tasks. It was like grinding sugar-canes, and as easily sure of steady sweet returns.

True, as an exception to a rule, one met now and again with him who, for some native bull-necked obstinacy, would refuse a contribution. In such event the secret of his narrowness was certain to leak forth and spread itself among my followers.

It would not be required that one offer even a hint. So soon as ever the news of that parsimony reached the ear of a Tin Whistle, disasters like a flock of buzzards collected about the saving man. His windows were darkly broken, like Gaffney's. Or, if he were a grocer, his wares would upset themselves about the pavements, his carts of delivery break down, his harness part and fall in pieces, and he be set to dine off sorrow in forty different forms.

And then and always there were the police to call his violative eye to this broken ordinance or hale him before a magistrate for that one. And there were Health Boards and Street Departments who at a first wink of Red Jacket disfavor would descend upon a recalcitrant and provide burdens for his life. With twenty methods of compulsion against him, and each according to law, there arose no man strong enough to refuse those duties of donation. He must support the fortunes of my Red Jackets or see his own decline, and no one with a heart for commerce was long to learn the lesson.

The great credit, however, in such coils was due the police. With them to be his allies, one might finance policies and control and count a vote, and no such name as failure.

"They're the footstones of politics," said Old Mike. "Kape th' p'lice an' you kape yourself on top."

Nor was the task complex. It was but to threaten them with the powers above, or toss them, individually, an occasional small bone of profit to gnaw, and they would stand to you with the loyalty of dogs. I soon had these ins and outs of money-getting at the tips of my tongue and my fingers, for I went to school to Big Kennedy and Old Mike in the business, and I may tell you it was a branch of learning they were qualified to teach.

When I was in the first year of my majority we went into a campaign for the control of the town. Standing on the threshold of my earliest vote, I was strung like a bow to win. My fervor might have gained a more than common heat because, by decision of Big Kennedy, I myself was put down to make the run for alderman. There was a world of money against us; for, as usual, we had the respectable element, which in New York means ever the rich, to be our enemies.

Big Kennedy and I, after a session in his sanctum, resolved that not one meeting should be held by our opponents within our boundaries. It was not that we feared for the vote; rather it turned on a point of pride; and then it would hearten our tribesmen should we suppress the least signal of the enemy's campaign.

Having limitless money, the foe decided for sundry gatherings. They also outlined processions, hired music by the band and bought beer by the barrel. They would have their speakers to address the commons in halls and from trucks.

On each attempt they were encountered and dispersed. More than once the Red Jackets, backed by the Tin Whistles, took possession of a meeting, put up their own orators and adopted their own resolutions. If the police were called, they invariably arrested our enemies, being sapient of their own safety and equal to the work of locating the butter on their personal bread. If the enemy, through their henchmen or managers, made physical resistance, the Tin Whistles, eager for such work, put them outside the hall, and whether through the door or window came to be no mighty matter.

At times the Red Jackets and their reserves of Tin Whistles would permit the opposition to open a meeting. When the first orator had been eloquent for perhaps five minutes, a phalanx of Tin Whistles would arise in their places and a hailstorm of sponges, soaking wet and each the size of one's head, would descend upon the rostrum. It was a never-failing remedy; there came never chairman nor orator who would face that tempest.

Sometimes the lights were turned out; and again, when it was an open-air meeting and the speakers to talk from a truck, a bunch of crackers would be exploded under the horses and a runaway occur. That simple device was sure to cut the meeting short by carrying off the orators. The foe arranged but one procession, and that was disposed of on the fringe of our territory by an unerring even if improper volley of eggs and vegetables. The artillery employed would have beaten back a charge by cavalry.

Still the enemy had the money, and on that important point could overpower us like ten for one, and did. Here and there went their agents, sowing sly riches in the hope of a harvest of votes. To counteract this still-hunt where the argument was cash, I sent the word abroad that our people were to take the money and promise votes. Then they were to break the promises.

"Bunco the foe!" was the watchword; "take their money and 'con' them!"

This instruction was deemed necessary for our safety. I educated our men to the thought that the more money they got by these methods the higher they would stand with Big Kennedy and me. If it were not for this, hundreds would have taken a price and then, afraid to come back to us, might have gone with the banners of the enemy for that campaign, at least. Now they would take what they could and wear it for a feather in their caps. They exulted in such enterprise; it was spoiling the Egyptian; having filled their pockets, they would return and make a brag of the fact. By these schemes we kept our strength. The enemy parted with money by the basket, yet never the vote did they obtain. The goods failed of delivery.

Sheeny Joe was a handy man to Big Kennedy. He owned no rank; but voluble, active, well dressed, and ready with his money across a barroom counter, he went not without value. Not once in those years which fell in between our encounter on the dock and this time I have in memory did Sheeny Joe express aught save friendship for me. His nose was queer of contour as the result of my handiwork, but he

(*Continued on Page 10*)

A Senator of Two Republics

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

BY G. G. VEST

Ex-Senator of Missouri

AMONG the public men I have met, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was one of the most remarkable. He was an invalid from his boyhood, and told me in 1865 that for more than forty years there was not a single day in which he had been entirely exempt from physical suffering. His yellow, beardless, parchment-like skin and emaciated body gave him the appearance of a corpse, and his dark, piercing eyes were the only evidence of vitality. He was poor, and obtained a collegiate education by the assistance of some religious friends, who paid his expenses at the University of Georgia with the understanding that he should enter the Christian ministry. After his graduation he concluded to study law, and taught school for eighteen months, pursuing his legal studies at night, when he was licensed to practice in the courts of Georgia. The first proceeds of his legal practice were devoted to repaying the amount advanced for his course at the university, and, being never married, he consecrated the larger portion of his professional income for many years to assisting poor and worthy young men in acquiring an education. Where an ordinary man, crippled by chronic sickness, would have hesitated before grappling with the ordinary duties and responsibilities of life, he fought disease and poverty with a sublime courage that should always be remembered by his young countrymen struggling with adverse fortune. In the greatest of the Southern States, with such rivals as Toombs, Ben Hill, Joseph E. Brown, the Cobbs and Colquitts, Alexander H. Stephens rose to the first rank as a leader and had more influence in public affairs than any one of his contemporaries. He was elected Vice-President of the Confederate States to conciliate that influential element in the South which was opposed to secession and believed that it was impolitic and would result disastrously to the Southern people.

Mr. Stephens supported Douglass for the Presidency in 1860 and voted in the State convention of Georgia against the secession ordinance passed by that body. Though, like thousands of others in the slaveholding States, he deprecated the existence of slavery, Mr. Stephens, like Abraham Lincoln, believed it unjust to abolish the institution without compensation to the slave-owners of the South for their property.

After opposing with his voice and vote the ordinance of secession, Mr. Stephens acquiesced in the action of an overwhelming majority and accepted the office of Vice-President, to which he was elected by the provisional congress at Montgomery, Alabama. Though no one has ever charged that Mr. Stephens was disloyal to the cause of the Confederacy by act or word, nor that he ever intentionally gave aid and comfort to the public enemy, it is certain that the relations between himself and Mr. Davis were not cordial and that the mutual confidence which ought to have been established between them never existed. The two men were entirely uncongenial, and differed in everything except that they were both sons of the South and devoted to Southern interests.

Mr. Davis was an educated soldier, with all the habits, opinions and prejudices of a soldier. He believed war to be a great science and an art, in the details of which men must be trained carefully and thoroughly. He recognized the fact that great generals might successfully command armies without being educated in the science and art of war, but he considered such instances to be very rare and was exceedingly doubtful in these cases, believing them exceptions to the rule that the greatest military leaders were prepared by education for the successes they had achieved. Mr. Davis thought that although war was cruel and destructive, it was a necessary evil and would exist to the end of time. He regarded the doctrine of arbitration between nations as Utopian and the idle dream of optimists. No one knew better than Mr. Davis the resources of the Northern and Southern States and the immense odds against the South in the event of civil war. He had been educated at West Point, was an officer in the United States Army, had been Secretary of War and United States Senator, serving on the Military Affairs Committee in that body; but he was an intensely Southern man, with absolute confidence in the justice of the Southern cause and the highest possible opinion of the constancy and courage of the Southern people. Besides this, he thought that Europe was compelled to have the cotton of the South and that commercial necessity would cause the recognition of the Confederate States by foreign countries.

Mr. Stephens, on the other hand, was a civilian pure and simple. He regarded war as the greatest possible calamity to any people, and that in a conflict between the North and South defeat was absolutely certain to the Southern people. He did not believe that cotton was king, and predicted that the aversion of the civilized world to human slavery would override all other considerations with foreign countries and leave the Confederate States alone and unsupported, with the resources of the whole world at the command of their enemy. He was a man of positive convictions and prejudices that amounted almost to fanaticism. His well-known opinion that the cause of the South was hopeless made him the nucleus around which gathered all the opposition to President Davis and his Administration. Richmond, the Capital of the Confederacy, was filled with spies, unprincipled adventurers and malcontents of every description. Mr. Davis had many personal enemies and feuds which had been inherited from his career in the United States Army, as Secretary of War

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Editor's Note—This is the second paper in the series of Senator Vest's personal reminiscences.

and Senator of the United States. As disasters accumulated and the ravages of war came closer to the Southern people, the clamor against the Confederate President grew louder and the charges against him more violent and venomous. Every reverse upon the battlefield was ascribed to his incompetency. Many of the Southern leaders, brave and patriotic as they unquestionably were, but unused to discipline and restraint of any kind, joined in the common cry against the head of the Confederate Government.

In January, 1865, Francis Preston Blair, Sr., whose residence was at Silver Springs, near Washington, came through the Confederate lines to Richmond and represented to Mr. Davis and his Cabinet that he was certain, from what he had learned at the Federal Capital, that President Lincoln and his advisers would not be averse to a conference with representatives of the Confederacy as to the terms upon which an honorable peace might be concluded. It was at this time evident to every intelligent man that the cause of the Confederate States was almost desperate and that, unless conditions should suddenly change, the end was not far distant. The result of Mr. Blair's visit was a communication from Mr. Davis to the authorities at Washington proposing a conference between commissioners of the two combatants, to be held at such time and place as could be agreed upon. The proposition was accepted, and Mr. Davis appointed on the part of the Confederacy Alexander H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter and John A. Campbell. In making these appointments President Davis was moved by two considerations. First, that the commissioners should be gentlemen of the highest character, conservative in their opinions and, second, personally known to the Washington authorities. Mr. Stephens had been for several terms a member of the United States House of Representatives and had served in that body with Lincoln; Mr. Hunter had been a member of the United States Senate from Virginia, and Judge Campbell had been Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Conference in Hampton Roads

THE conference was held in February, 1865, on a United States war vessel at anchor in Hampton Roads. The extraordinary statement has been publicly made, and has attracted much attention, that President Lincoln, who, together with Mr. Seward, his Secretary of State, represented the United States, handed to Mr. Stephens, when the commissioners met, a blank sheet of paper headed by the words: "Restoration of the Union," and said to him, "With this one condition you can fill up the paper with such other conditions as you think proper and the United States will accept these terms." Although as a member of the Confederate Senate, and the only survivor of that body, I knew from indisputable evidence that this statement was not true, I made no public contradiction until the last session of the Fifty-sixth Congress, when Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, stated on the floor of the Senate that the proposition I have stated was made by President Lincoln to Mr. Stephens and was not accepted.

I was not present in the Senate at the time Senator Tillman spoke, but on the next day I contradicted his assertion on the floor of the Senate, and said that I knew from the lips of both Messrs. Stephens and Hunter that no such proposition had been made by President Lincoln, and that, on the contrary, he declined to consider any terms of peace except on the condition precedent that the Confederates should lay down their arms and accept the jurisdiction of the United States in every Southern State. I also stated at the same time that I had never conversed with Judge Campbell on the subject, but had been informed by a friend that notes had been taken by Judge Campbell of what occurred at the Hampton Roads conference, and that no mention was made in these notes of any such occurrence as that spoken of by Senator Tillman.

On the day after I spoke, a small pamphlet in book form was sent me from Baltimore by a relative of Judge Campbell, with the statement that one hundred copies of this pamphlet had been published by Judge Campbell for gratuitous distribution among his intimate friends. This pamphlet contains full and unquestionably accurate memoranda of what took place at the Hampton Roads conference, and it is simply impossible that any such proposition could ever have been made by President Lincoln as has been charged. When the commissioners returned from Hampton Roads to Richmond Judge Campbell and Mr. Davis addressed a popular meeting at one of the largest churches in Richmond, and Judge Campbell then gave an account of what occurred at Hampton Roads, agreeing exactly with his printed memoranda. Two nights afterward, in the same church, another meeting was addressed by Senator R. M. T. Hunter and Judah P. Benjamin, then Confederate Secretary of State, and Mr. Hunter corroborated what had been said and subsequently published by Judge Campbell as to what had occurred at the conference. All of the commissioners present at the conference are dead, and it is gross injustice to their memories that the statement quoted by Senator Tillman should be uncontradicted. If that statement be true, President Lincoln was willing to have the right of State secession established and the institution of slavery again recognized in the South. The Confederate commissioners by refusing to accept his proposition, as alleged, made themselves responsible for the continuation of an utterly useless war and, after obtaining all that they could possibly ask, recklessly and wickedly determined to prosecute a conflict ending in further destruction of life and complete ruin of the Southern people. I make no apology for inserting a copy of the official report made by the Confederate commissioners to Mr. Davis, which puts beyond all question the utter impossibility of Lincoln's having made at Hampton Roads the proposal to which I have alluded.

What Lincoln Really Said

> "To the President of the Confederate States:
>
> "Under your letter of appointment of the twenty-eighth ultimo we proceeded to seek an informal conference with Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, upon the subject mentioned in the letter. The conference was granted and took place on the third instant, on board of a steamer anchored in Hampton Roads, where we met President Lincoln and the Honorable Mr. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States. It continued for several hours, and was both full and explicit. We learned from them that the message of President Lincoln to the Congress of the United States in December last explains clearly and distinctly his sentiments as to the terms, conditions and methods of proceeding by which peace can be secured to the people, and we were not informed that they would be modified or altered to obtain that end. We understood from him that no terms or proposals of any treaty or agreement looking to an ultimate settlement would be entertained or made by him with the authorities of the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of their existence as a separate power, which under no circumstances would be done; and, for a like reason, that no such terms would be entertained by him for the States separately; that no extended truce or armistice (as at present advised) would be granted or allowed without a satisfactory assurance of the Constitution and laws of the United States over all places within the States of the Confederacy; that whatever consequences may follow from the reëstablishment of that authority must be accepted; but that individuals subject to pains and penalties under the laws of the United States might rely upon a very liberal use of the power confided to him to remit those pains and penalties if peace be restored. During the conference the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States adopted by Congress on the thirty-first ultimo was brought to our notice.
>
> "This amendment provided that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crime, should exist within the United States or any place within their jurisdiction, and that Congress should have power to enforce this amendment by appropriate legislation.
>
> "Very respectfully, etc.,
> (Signed) "Alexander H. Stephens,
> "R. M. T. Hunter,
> "John A. Campbell."

The published memoranda of Judge Campbell shows that Mr. Stephens proposed at the conference an armistice between the United States and Confederate Armies, and that the two Governments should unite their military forces in expelling Maximilian and the French troops from Mexico. Mr. Stephens declared his adherence to the Monroe Doctrine, and that the passions and prejudices of the war would be abated by the lately contending armies being united in a common purpose. Mr. Seward seemed to favor the consideration of this scheme, but President Lincoln declared his opposition to it and stated that no armistice and no invasion of Mexico by the United States and Confederate Armies could be considered for a moment. He reiterated again and again his determination that the Confederates must lay down their arms and submit to the authorities of the United States. In the concluding hours of the conference President Lincoln stated that he believed the North was equally responsible with the South for the institution of African slavery and that the Southern people should be compensated for the loss of their slaves. He said that at one time he had submitted the proposition to his Cabinet to appropriate $400,000,000 by the United States to pay the slaveholders of the South, and that he was willing to pay out of his small estate the amount of this taxation for which he would be liable. He said, however, that his entire Cabinet opposed the proposition, and Mr. Seward supplemented this statement by saying that the North had already paid a large sum toward freeing the negroes in the Southern States.

After the capture of Richmond, President Lincoln visited that city, and Judge Campbell in his pamphlet publishes an account of what passed between Mr. Lincoln and himself on board the vessel which brought Mr. Lincoln up the James River to the Confederate Capital. In this interview President Lincoln handed to Judge Campbell a paper containing the following conditions on which peace could be restored between the United States and the Confederacy, and it is apparent that the alleged proposition of Mr. Lincoln at Hampton Roads is utterly inconsistent with these conditions. The conditions are as follows:

> "As to peace, I have said before and now repeat that three things are indispensable:
>
> "1. The restoration of the national authority throughout all the States.
>
> "2. No receding by the Executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress and in preceding documents.
>
> "3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of hostilities and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the Government."

I was much interested, of course, in the proceedings of the conference at Hampton Roads, but was especially anxious to know whether anything had been said in regard to the border States, like Missouri and Kentucky, which had furnished troops to the Confederate cause. President Davis had assured me, in a conversation upon this subject, that he would not consent to any treaty of peace which did not give to the people of Missouri and Kentucky the right to determine by a full and fair vote whether they would remain in the Union or become members of the Confederacy. If anything like the proposition alleged to have been made by Lincoln at Hampton Roads had been mentioned by the Confederate commissioners I should remember it, for it would have admitted provisions in any treaty such as Mr. Davis suggested.

A Southern Estimate of the Emancipator

THE last time I saw Mr. Stephens before the collapse of the Confederate Government was at a small dinner-party at which James L. Orr, a Confederate Senator from South Carolina and afterward Minister to Russia under Grant, was the host. There were present, besides Mr. Stephens, as guests, Senator Gustavus W. Henry, of Tennessee, and Senator Allen W. Caperton, of West Virginia. The menu was not very extensive, and consisted principally of oysters and fish. Mr. Stephens made his dinner exclusively on a small rare beefsteak, which he ate without condiments or bread, not using either knife or fork. While he held the steak in his fingers and slowly nibbled at it he drank from a glass of brandy and water, which did not seem to affect him in the slightest degree. He talked very freely of the war and its results and spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Lincoln. He mentioned what passed at the Hampton Roads conference, but said nothing about any blank sheet of paper being handed to him by President Lincoln. He expressed his regret that his proposition to unite the Union and Confederate forces against the French in Mexico had not been adopted, and said that the time had now come when the utmost fortitude and self-control must be exercised by the Southern people in order to prevent utter ruin and anarchy. He alluded to the good conduct of the negroes during the war, but said that this could not be expected after they had been emancipated and were independent of their old masters. He declared that political adventurers and scoundrels of the worst sort would hasten to the Southern States and use the negroes for their selfish and criminal purposes. "I anticipate," he said, "the most terrible results from the collapse of the Confederacy. The talk of carrying on a guerrilla war is wicked and absurd. All we can do is to rely upon the sober second thought of the Northern people and the kindly feeling of such men as Abraham Lincoln, who is too great to indulge in any malevolence toward a conquered and ruined people."

The next time I saw Mr. Stephens he was seated in an invalid rolling-chair placed in the principal aisle of the National House of Representatives at Washington. He had been elected to the United States Senate in 1866 but was refused his seat, and was then elected a member of the House of Representatives in the Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses, but before the expiration of his term in the Forty-sixth Congress he was elected Governor of Georgia, and died in a few weeks after taking the oath of office.

No matter what may be thought of his political opinions and actions, the story of Alexander H. Stephens and his wonderful fortitude under suffering will elicit the admiration of future generations so long as true heroism commands the honor and respect of mankind.

The Daughter of a Magnate[*]

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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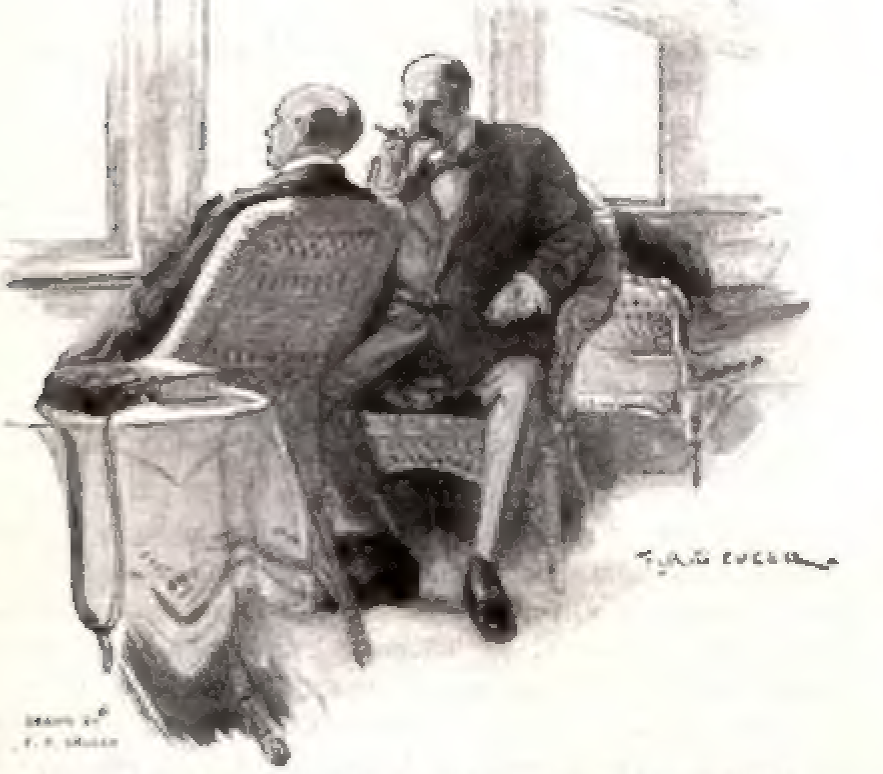


"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BLOOD'S CHANCES?" ASKED MR. BROCK

CHAPTER XVII

THE stolen interview of early morning was the consolation of the day. Gertrude confided a resolve to Glover. She had thought it all out and he must, she said, talk to her father. Nothing would ever come of a situation in which the two never met. The terrible problem was how to arrange the interview. Her father had already declined to meet Glover at all.

During such intervals as they managed to meet, the lovers could discuss nothing but the crisis that confronted them. The definite clearing of the line meant perhaps an early separation and something, if ever, must be done at once.

In the evening Gertrude made a long appeal to her aunt to intercede for her and another to Marie, who, softening somewhat, had spent half an hour before dinner discussing the situation calmly with Glover; but over the proposed interview Marie shook her head. She had great influence with her father, but candidly owned she should dread facing him on a matter he had definitely declined to discuss.

They parted at night without light on their difficulties. In the morning Glover made several ineffectual efforts to see Gertrude early. He had an idea that they had forgotten the one who could advise and help them better than any other—his friend and patron, Bucks.

The Second Vice-President was now closer in a business way to Mr. Brock than any one else in the world. They were friends of very early days—of days when they were laying together the foundations of their careers. It was Bucks who had shown Mr. Brock the stupendous possibilities in reorganizing the system and was responsible for his enormous investment, and each reposed in the other entire confidence. Gertrude steadfastly contended that it was only a question of her father's really knowing Glover, and that if her lover could be put before her father as she knew him he would certainly give way. Why not, then, take Bucks into their confidence?

It seemed like light from heaven to Glover, and he was talking to Gertrude when there came a rap at the door of the parlor and a messenger entered with a long dispatch from Callahan at Sleepy Cat.

The message was marked, "Delayed in transmission." Glover walked with it to the window and read:

> "Doubleday's outfit wrecked early this morning on Pilot Hill while bucking. Head engine, the 927, McGraw, partly off track. Tender crushed the cab. Doubleday instantly killed and McGraw badly hurt. Morris Blood is reported to have been in the cab but cannot be found. Have sent Doubleday and McGraw to Medicine Bend in my car and am starting with wrecking crew for the Hill."

"What is it?" murmured Gertrude, watching her lover's face. He studied the telegram a long time and she came to his side. He raised his eyes from the paper in his hand and looked out of the window. "What is it?" she whispered.

"Pilot Hill."

"I do not understand, dearest."

"A wreck."

"Oh, is it serious?"

His eyes fell again on the death message. "Morris Blood was in it and they can't find him."

"Oh, oh!"

"A bad place; a bad, bad place." He spoke incoherently, then his eyes turned on her with inexpressible tenderness

"But why can't they find him, dearest?"

"The track is blasted out of the mountain side for half a mile. Bucks said it would be a graveyard, but I couldn't get to the mines in any other way. Gertrude, I must go to the Wickiup at once to get further news. This message has been delayed; the wires are not right yet."

"Will you come back soon?"

"Just the minute I can get definite news about Morris. In half an hour, probably."

She tried to comfort him when he left her. She knew of the deep attachment between the two men and she encouraged her lover to hope for the best. Not until he had left her did she fully realize how deeply he had been moved. At the window she watched him walk hurriedly down the street, and as he disappeared reflected that she never had seen such an expression on his face as when he read the telegram.

The half-hour went while she reflected. Going downstairs she found the news of the wreck spread about the hotel and widely-exaggerated accounts of the disaster were being discussed. Mrs. Whitney and Marie were out sleigh-riding, and by the time the half-hour had passed without word from Glover, Gertrude gave way to her restlessness. She had a telegram to send to New York, an order for bonbons, and determined to walk down to the Wickiup to send it; she might, she thought, see Glover and hear his news sooner.

When she approached the headquarters building unusual numbers of railroad men were grouped on the platform, talking. Messengers hurried to and from the roundhouse. A blown engine attached to a day coach was standing near and men were passing in and out of the car. Gertrude made her way to the stairs unobserved, walked leisurely up to the telegraph office and sent her message. The long corridors of the building, gloomy even on bright days, were quite dark as she left the operators' room and walked slowly toward the quarters of the construction department.

The door of the large ante-room was open and the room empty. Gertrude entered hesitatingly and looked toward Glover's office. His door also was ajar but there was no one within. The sound of voices came from a connecting room and she at once distinguished his voice. It was justification: with her coin-purse she tapped lightly on the door-casing and, getting no response, stepped inside the office to await him. The voices came from a room leading to Callahan's apartments.

Glover was asking questions and a man whose voice she could now hear breaking with sobs was answering. "Are you sure your signals were right?" she heard Glover ask slowly and earnestly; and again, patiently, "How could you be doubled up without the flanger's leaving the track?" Then the man would repeat his story.

"You must have had too much behind you," Glover said once.

"Too much?" echoed the man frantically. "Seven engines behind us all day yesterday. Paddy told him she wouldn't never stand it the minute he got into the cab. He told him it as plain as a man could tell a man. Then because we went through a thousand feet in the gap like cheese he ordered us up the hill. When we struck the big drift it was slicing rock, Mr. Glover. Paddy told him she wouldn't never stand it. The very first push we let go in a hundred feet with the rotary churning her gear off. We went into it twice that way. I could see it was shoving the tender up into the air every time and I told Doubleday—oh, if you'd been there! The next time we sent the rotary through the first crust and drove a wind-pocket maybe forty or fifty yards and hit the ice with the seven engines jamming into us. My God! she doubled up like a jack-knife—Pat, Pat, Pat!"

"Can you remember where Blood was standing when you buckled?"

"In the right gangway." There was a pause.

"He must have dropped," she heard Glover say.

"Then he'll never drop again, Mr. Glover, for if he slipped off the ties he'd drop a thousand feet."

"The heaviest snow is right at the top of the hill?"

"Yes, sir."

"If we can cross the hill we can find him, anyway."

"Don't try to get across that hill until you put in five hundred shovelers, Mr. Glover."

"That would take a week. If he's alive we must get him within twenty-four hours. He may freeze to death to-night."

"Don't try to cross that hill with a plow, Mr. Glover. Mind my words. It's no use. I've bucked with you many a time—you know that."

"Yes."

"You're going to your death when you try that."

"There's the doctor now, Foley," Glover answered. "Let him look you over carefully. Come this way."

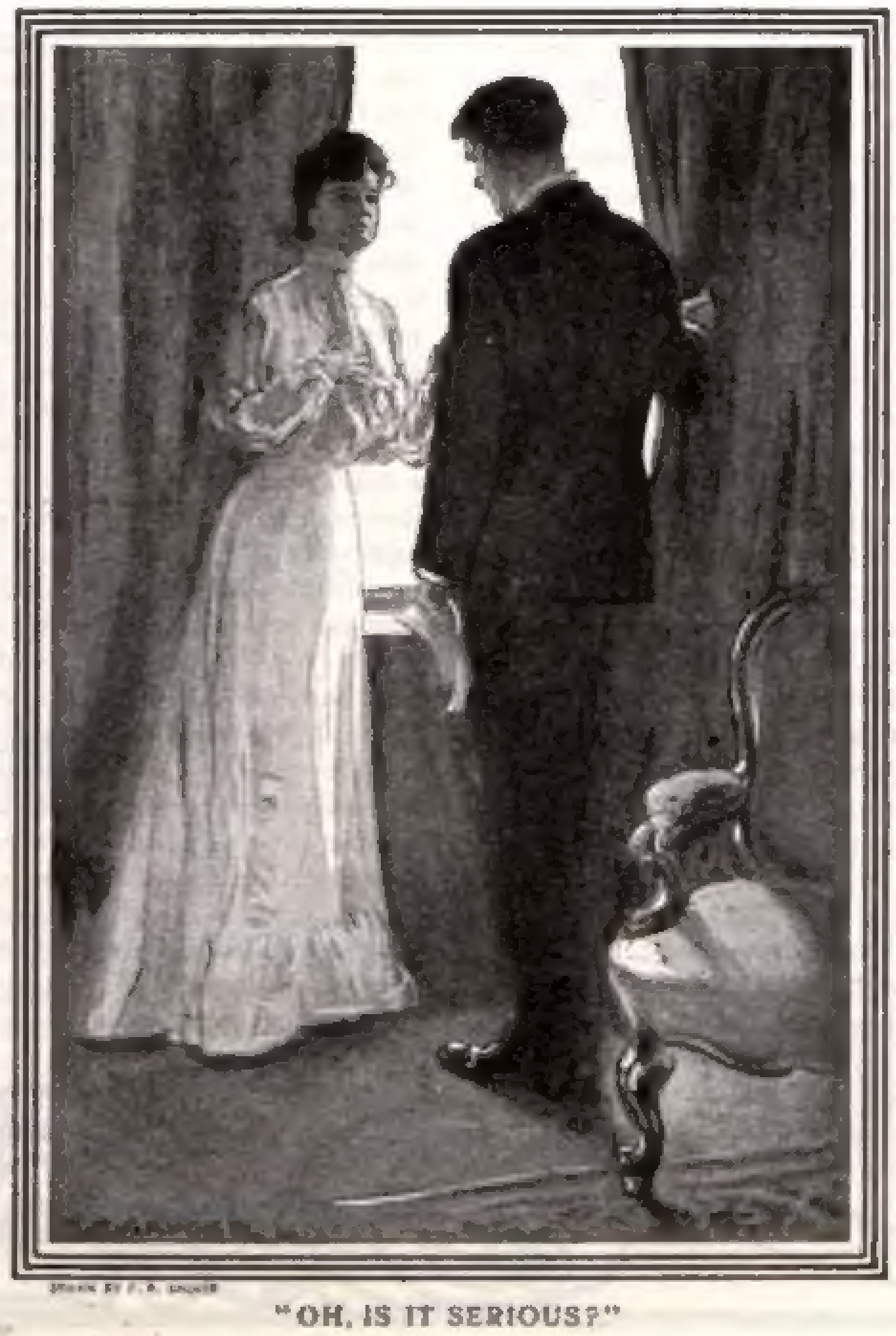
The voices receded. Listening to the talk, little of which she understood, a growing fear had come over Gertrude. Her eyes had pierced the gray light about her, and as she heard Glover walk away she rose hurriedly to detain him and stepped to the doorway. Glover had disappeared, but before her, stretched on the couch back of the table, lay McGraw. She knew him instantly, and so strangely did the gloom shroud his features that his steady eyes seemed looking straight at her. She divined that he had been brought back hurt. A chill passed over her, a horror. She hesitated a moment and, fascinated, stepped closer; then she knew she was looking on the dead.

Terror-stricken and with sinking strength she made her way to the hotel and slipped up to the parlor. Throwing off her wraps she went to the window; Glover was coming up the street. There was only a moment in which to collect herself. She hastened to her bedroom, wet her forehead with cologne and at her mirror her fingers ran tremblingly over the coils of her hair. She caught up a fresh handkerchief for her girdle, looked for an instant appealingly into her own eyes and closed them to think. Glover rapped.

She met him with a smile that she knew would stagger his fond eyes. She drugged his ear with a low-voiced greeting. "You are late, dearest."

He looked at her and caught her hands. As his head bent she let her lips lie in his kiss and let his arm find her waist as he kissed her deeply again. They walked together toward the fireplace and, when she saw the sadness of his face, fear in her heart gave way to pity. "What is it?" she whispered. "Tell me."

"The car has come with Doubleday and McGraw, Gertrude. The wreck was terribly fatal. Morris Blood must have jumped from the cab. The track, I have told you, is blasted there out of the cheek of the mountain and it's impossible to tell what his fate may be: but if he is alive I must find him. There is a good hope, I believe, for Morris; he is a man to squeeze through on a narrow chance. And Gertrude—I couldn't tell you if I didn't think you had a right



"OH, IS IT SERIOUS?"

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[*] Editor's Note—The title of Mr. Spearman's story is changed from The President's Daughter to The Daughter of a Magnate, as the former title, we are informed, has already been used.

to know everything I know. It breaks my heart to speak of it—McGraw is dead

"I am so glad you told me the truth," she trembled, "for I knew it——"

"Knew it?" She confessed hastily how her anxiety had led her to his office and of the terrible shock she had brought on herself. "But now I know you would not deceive me," she ended; "that is why I love you, because you are always honest and true. And do you love me, as you have told me, more than all the world?"

"More than all the world, Gertrude. Why do you look so? You are trembling."

"Have you come to say good-by?"

"Only for a day or two, darling; till I can find Morris; then I come straight back to you."

"You, too, may be killed?"

"No, no."

"But I heard the man saying that you would go to your death if you attempted to cross that hill with a plow. Be honest with me; you are risking your life."

"Only as I have risked it almost every day since I came into the mountains."

"But now—now—doesn't it mean something else? Think what it means to me—your life Think of what will become of me if you should be killed in trying to open that hill—if you should fall over a precipice as Morris Blood has fallen and lies now, perhaps, dead. Don't go. Don't go, this time. You have promised me you would leave the mountains, haven't you? Don't risk all, dearest, all I have on earth, in an attempt that may utterly fail and add one more precious life to those now sacrificed. You do heed me, darling, don't you?"

She had disengaged herself to plead, to look directly up into his perplexed eyes. He leaned an arm on the mantel, staggered. His eyes followed hers in every word she spoke and when she ceased he stared blankly at the fire

"Heed you?" he answered haltingly. "Heed you? You are all in the world that I have to heed My only wish is your happiness; to die for it, Gertrude, wouldn't be much ——"

"All, all I ask is that you will live for it."

"Worthless as I am, I have asked you to put that happiness in my keeping—do you think your lightest word could pass me unheeded? But to this, my dear Gertrude, every instinct of manhood binds me—to go to my friend in danger."

"If you go you will take every desperate chance to accomplish your end. Ah, I know you better than you know yourself. Ab, Ab, my darling, my lover, listen to me. Don't; don't go."

When he spoke she would not have known his voice. "Can I let him die there like a dog on the mountain side? Can't you see that I haven't words to explain the position it puts me in? Don't sob. Don't be afraid; look at me. I'll come back to you, darling."

She turned her tearless eyes to the mountains. "Back! Yes. I see the end. My lover will come back—he will come back dead. And I shall try to kiss his brave lips back to life and they will speak no more. And I shall stand when they take him from me, lonely and alone. My father that I have estranged—my foster-mother that I have withstood—my sister that I have repelled—will their tears flow for me then? And for this I broke from my traditions and cast away associations, gave up all my little life, stood alone against my family, poured out my heart to these deserts, these mountains, and now—they rob me of my all—and this is love!"

He stood like a broken man. "God help me! Have I laid on your dear head the curse of my own life? Must you, too, suffer because our perils force us lightly to pawn our lives one for another? One night in that yard," he pointed to the window, "I stood between the rails with a switch-engine running me down. I knew nothing of it. There was no time to speak, no time to think—it was on me. Had Blood left me there a second I should never have looked into your dear face. Up on the hill, under the gravel and shale with the rest of them, I should never have cost your heart an ache like this. Better the engine had struck me then and spared you now——"

"No, I say, no!" she exclaimed wildly. "Better this moment together than a lifetime apart!"

"——For me he threw himself in front of the drivers. This moment is mine and yours because he gave his right hand for it—shall I desert him now that he needs me? And so a hundred times and in a hundred ways we gamble with death and laugh if we cheat it, and our poor reward is only sometimes to win where better men have failed. So in this railroad life two men stand, as he and I have stood, luck or ill luck, storm or fair weather, together. And death speaks for one; and whichever he calls, it is ever the other must answer. And this—is duty."

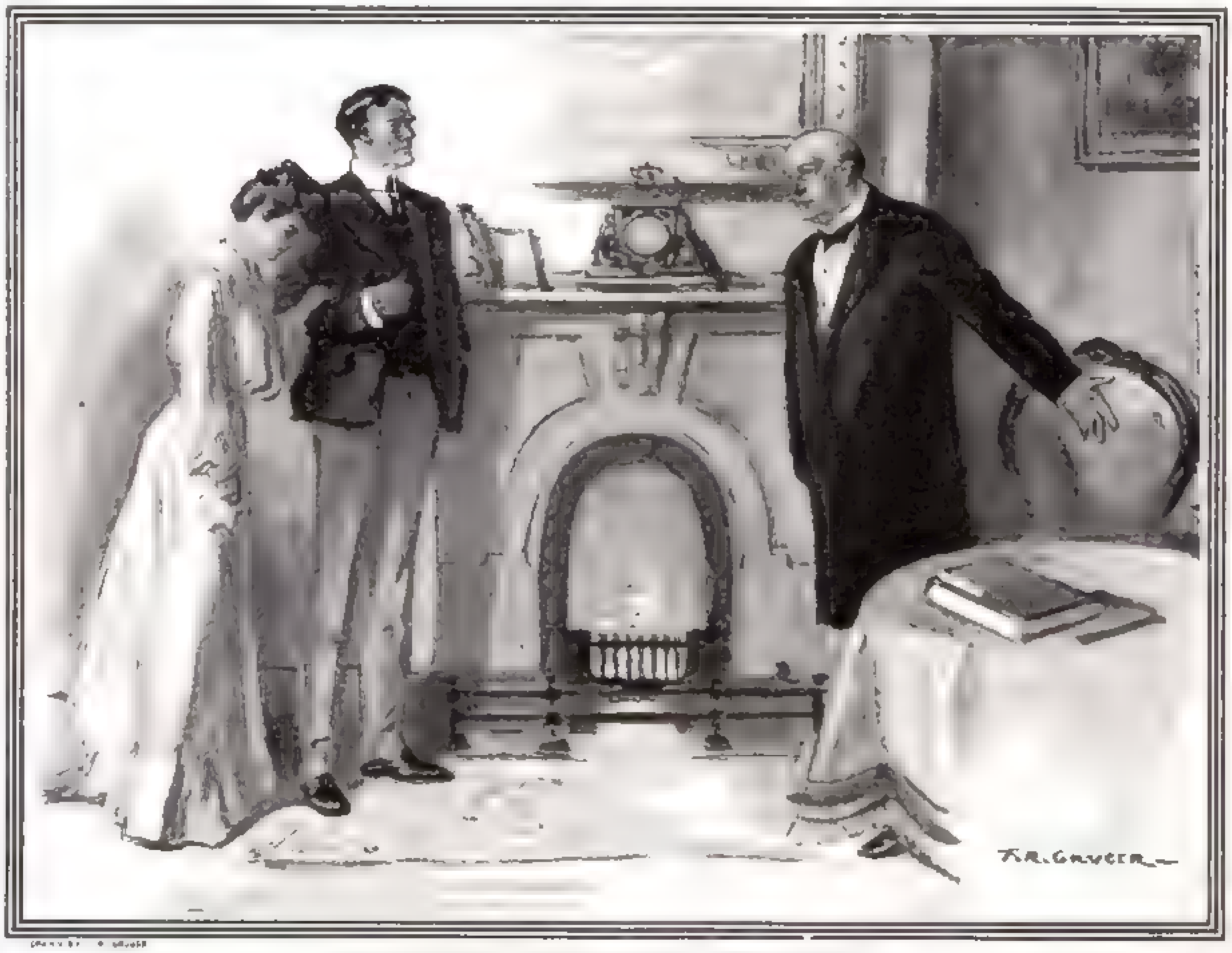
"Then do your duty."

Distinctly, and terrifying in their unexpectedness came the words from the farther end of the parlor. They turned stunned. Gertrude's father was crossing the room. He raised his hand to dispel Glover's sudden angry look. "I was lying on the couch; your voices roused me and I could not escape You have put clearly the case you stand in," he spoke to Glover, "and I have intervened only to spare both of you useless agony of argument. The question that concerns you two and me is not at this moment up for decision; the other question is and it is for you, my daughter, now to play the woman. I have tried as I could to shield you from rough weather. You have left port without consulting me and the storms of womanhood are on you: yet I don't believe God will be too hard on any man that faces the game squarely Sir, when do you start?"

"My engine is waiting."

"Then ask your people to attach my car. You can make equally good time, and since for better or worse we have cut into this game we will see it out together."

Gertrude threw her arms around her father's neck with a happy sob as Glover left. "Oh, daddy, daddy. If you only knew him!"



"YOU HAVE LEFT PORT WITHOUT CONSULTING ME"

CHAPTER XVIII

"THERE are mountains a man can do business with," muttered Bucks in the private car, his mustache drooping broadly above his reflecting words. "Mountains that will give and take, once in a while, play fair occasionally. But Pilot has fought every inch of the way since the day we first struck a pick into it. It's not alone savage, but unrelenting. I'd rather negotiate with Sitting Bull for a right of way through his private bathroom than to ask an easement from Pilot for a tamarack tie. I don't know why it was ever called Pilot: if I named it it would be Sitting Bull. What the Sioux used to be to the white men, what the Spider Water has been to the bridgemen, that, and more, Pilot has been to the mountain men.

"There was no compromise with Pilot even after we got in on it. Snowslides, washouts, boulders, forest fires—and yet, the richest quartz mines in the world lie behind it. This little branch, Mr. Brock, forty-eight miles, pays the operating expenses of the whole mountain division and has done so almost since the day it was opened. But I'd rather lose the revenue ten times every year than to lose Morris Blood." The Second Vice-President was talking to Mr Brock. Their car was just rounding the curve into the gap in front of Mount Pilot

"What do you think of Blood's chances?" asked Mr. Brock.

"I don't know. A mountain man has nine lives."

"What does Glover think?"

"He doesn't say."

"Who built this line?"

"Two pretty good men ran the first thirty miles, but neither of them could give me a practicable line south of the gap; this last eighteen miles down and around Pilot was Glover's first work in the mountains. It's engineering. Every trick ever played in the Rockies—and one or two of Brodie's old combinations in the Andes, they tell me—are crowded into these eighteen miles. There, there's old Sitting Bull in all his clouds and his glory."

Glover had left the car at Sleepy Cat, going ahead with the relief train. Picked men from every district on the division had been assembling all the afternoon to take up the search for the missing Superintendent. Section men from the Sweetgrass wastes and bridgemen from the foothills, roadmasters from the Heart Mountains—home of the storm and the snow—and Rat Cañon trackwalkers that could spot a break in the dark under twelve inches of ballast; Morgan, the wrecker, and his men and the mountain linemen with their foreman, old Bill Dancing—fiend drunk and giant sober—were scattered on Mount Pilot, while a rotary ahead of a battery of engines was shoved again and again up the snow-covered hill.

Anxious to get the track open in the belief that Blood could best be got at from beyond the S bridge, Glover, standing with the branch roadmaster, Smith Young, on the ledge above the engines, directed the fight for the hill. He had promised Gertrude he would keep out of the cab, and far across the curve below he could see the Brock car where Bucks was directing the search on the eastern side of the gulch.

Callahan and the linemen were spreading both ways through the timber on the plateau opposite, but the snow made the work extremely difficult and the short day allowed hardly more than a start. On the hill Glover's men advanced barely a hundred feet in three hours: darkness spread over the range with no sign of the missing man and with the forebodings that none could shake off of what the night's exposure, even if he were uninjured, must mean.

Supper was served to the men in the relief trains and outside fires were forbidden by Glover, who asked that every foot of the track as far as the gap be patrolled all night.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Glover, supperless, reached the car with his dispositions made for the night. While he talked with the men, Clem, the star cook of the Brock family, under orders, grilled a big porterhouse steak and presently asked him back to the dining-room table, where behind the shaded candles Gertrude waited.

They sat down opposite each other, and when Glover saw that there were two plates instead of one and learned that Gertrude had eaten no dinner because she was waiting for him he muttered something about all that an American girl is capable of in the way of making a man grateful and happy. There was nothing to hurry them back to the other end of the car, and not until eleven o'clock did they rejoin Mr. Brock and Bucks, who were smoking, forward. Callahan came in afterward and, sitting all together, Mr. Brock and Gertrude listened while the three railroad men planned the campaign for the next day.

(*Continued on Page 24*)

THE SATURDAY
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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Too much manner is unmannerly.

¶ A cracked voice will break an opera-singer.

¶ Lovemaking is too often only an appeal to vanity.

¶ A surrender is sometimes merely a way of avoiding capture.

¶ When money talks it often merely remarks "Good-by."

¶ Saying it quick is no use: the Recording Angel is probably a stenographer.

¶ Stolen kisses may be sweet but they do not compare with those that might have been stolen.

¶ For a girl, perhaps the most desirable position is that of lady-companion in a fashionable novel.

¶ It is well enough in time of peace to prepare for war, but most folks are more anxious, when a fight is on, to prepare for peace.

The Road Hogs

ALREADY more than fifty thousand motor machines rush along the city streets and over the country roads of the United States. Every month fifteen hundred are added to the total, and with the present rate of increase in new factories the total addition will be a hundred automobiles a day before we are very much older. Indeed, we may look forward now to more than a hundred thousand machines in this country within the next two years.

It brings a mighty change. The immediate thought is the gain it gives to man in getting about quickly. It makes the automobilist independent of train and trolley. It provides new delight in swift motion. It is a new era in travel and recreation. But the larger significance is the effect upon the public highways.

Our roads are the records of civilization. Primarily, every inch of them belongs to the people. They are thoroughfares for all. No favorites own special privileges. A very considerable part of man's work in legislation has been in saving them from special classes. Vehicles came and laws had to be passed restraining their encroachments. Railroads multiplied the dangers and stricter laws became necessary Trolley lines were even more rapacious and there was more than one pitched battle to keep them from monopolizing the common rights. Now the automobile is the most selfish of them all. It demands almost unlimited prerogatives, and the fifty-odd thousand drivers of automobiles are united in the plan to secure from legislatures the most favorable statutes regarding velocity and privileges. Committees on highways in every part of the country are busy with hearings and petitions.

It all represents the greater crowding of the roads under the stress and strain of progress. In this the people will have to stand up for themselves or they will lose much that they can never regain. Of course, they should not be illiberal or foolishly prejudiced. But the roads belong to them, and any radical encroachment on their rights means a loss that will be serious and permanent. It was possible to restrain the bicycle in some cases to special paths, but the automobile wants the middle of the road and as much more as it can get.

We find the contest assuming large proportions on both sides of the sea. Until 1878 the roads in England were under the control of the turnpike trusts, but in that year an act of Parliament abolished these monopolies and the old tollhouses gradually disappeared. The public enjoyed a new sense of personal liberty in getting back their highways. The bill recently passed by Parliament relating to the velocity of automobiles is attracting more acute attention than even Mr. Chamberlain's new proposal regarding free trade and protection. Canada, which has spent as much as five thousand dollars a mile for good roads, is discussing measures to keep them free and safe for the people. In the United States every village, every city, every county and every State has the question before it

So the road rises to a new importance and to a larger appreciation than ever before, and the great contention is that the few shall not possess it at the cost of the many.

The "Friends of the People"

THERE are two kinds of monopoly—monopoly through excellence and monopoly through force.

There never has been and never will be any wise way of abolishing or even of restraining monopoly through excellence. For in the end it is the most unfailing developer of ambition and of the desire and the ability to improve.

But monopoly through force is the arch-enemy of progress. And it cannot exist without Government aid. Wherever you see competition strangled, whether or not you can see the strangler, you may be certain that it is the Government. Either the Government has granted oppressive power to some man or clique of men, or it has refused to restrain that man or that clique from the exercise of oppressive power.

Therefore it is difficult not to suspect the sincerity of those "friends of the people" who shout for legislation against monopoly but are silent on the subject of the existing laws which securely shelter monopoly and, unrepealed, would continue to shelter it against any laws passed professedly to destroy it.

The Reformer Run Amuck

MANY are looking about them and wringing their hands and saying, "How slowly reform moves! How often it moves backward!"

But—What is reform?

It has two parts: First, a plain exposure of an evil, so clear and convincing that the fundamental honesty of human nature cannot be in doubt through any fog of prejudice or partisan passion. Second, a project that is workable and that gives reasonable assurance of a better order of things.

So many reformers have power for destructive criticism only—valuable, necessary, even, but the lesser half of a whole. Where is there in our history a case of a reformer with the faculty of constructive criticism who has been cast down and out? May not the masses of our voters be pardoned for sometimes doubting the motives and the competence of those who noisily and with gnashing teeth and waving fists profess the purity of their own intentions? In fact, don't the people too often trust to that sort of reformer, in their over-impatience to be rid of some particularly obnoxious group of the silent, stealthy, greedy corruptionists that incessantly beset every human organization?

Company Manners

THE summer vacation is the time when the American makes an exhibition of himself

To the St. Louis Fair he will send his invention, his manufacture, his carpet, his piano, his picture—but he carries his habits, his breeding, his opinions to the mountains or seashore to show to the strange folk there what manner of man he is.

He makes the best of his exhibits for the Fair. You may be sure that there will be no moth-eaten hole in the carpet, no weak hinge on the machine that he sends to St. Louis. But, oddly enough, we all are apt to carry with us on our vacation, be it of three months or a week, certain mean, ignoble qualities which we keep hidden at home. We exploit them freely now. The most common of them is self-importance. Briggs, being a college professor, or a lucky Chicago speculator, or a boy just out of college, surveys the other guests in the mountain or seaside resort and feels that he is a whale among minnows. There are sure to be some shrewd, intelligent men, some gentle, well-bred women among them that could give him useful ideas. Beyond, in every town and State, are legions of other men and women—eighty millions of them—each in the opinion of the angels of as much importance as Briggs. In every country round the world are teeming myriads; when these are dead more myriads will rise, and so on for ages to come

After all—who is Briggs?

But he wraps himself in haughty reserve; he knows that he is the Great and Only one. There are Briggses at this moment in every summer resort, dull and miserable. The world laughs at them and passes them by.

Then there is the man or woman who brings a pet hobby into the rest seeking crowd. There is Stiles, who seizes on the tired clergyman or salesman who has fled out of town for a week's golf or fishing, and details to him again and again every event of a trip which he once made in a personally-conducted party of five hundred to Paris and London. Or Mrs. Stiles, who is interested in a charity in Greenland or Smithville. She has brought dolls to dress and embroideries to raffle. She has a fair and she besieges the pale women teachers to make pincushions for it, and the poor clerks to spend their few dollars in chances. They are ashamed not to be charitable; they are ashamed to show how few their dollars are: they fall easy victims. The begging women of summer resorts now rank as public pests with the mosquitoes

Then there are the men and women who at home are too busy to talk gossip, but who, stranded and idle in a ballroom or golf-course, hint a scandal at each passer-by.

"Why is Jones here without his wife?" they whisper, or "How long will the Whites be out of the divorce courts?"

The largest body of human pests, however, are the complainers. All day long they find the coffee nauseous and the band out of tune: the eggs are cold storage, the butter is third class and the other guests of no class at all

Why do we take these under bred, offensive habits abroad with us? We bring to these resorts our best coats and gowns to make our bodies fine. Why not put into our souls and speech a little charity and kindness and common-sense?

Common-Sense the Best Cure

THE civilized world is dotted with "cures" of innumerable kinds—places where the human animal, beset within by evils of his own admitting and fostering, seeks health again through eating or drinking something or other or failing to eat or drink something or other. And vast good these "cures" do. Yet there is almost nothing at any of them which one could not get as well at his own home.

The point is—as instantly appears to those who study any one of them unmoved by the hocus-pocus of the high priests and miracle workers in attendance—that so weak are the most of us where our own traitorous appetites are concerned that we cannot prevail against them except by submitting ourselves blindly to some plausible superstition. We laugh at the peoples of antiquity who sent costly expeditions long and weary journeys to consult oracles. But how the ancient follies of humanity do persist in even the most intelligent of us! The world may some day be ordered by common sense and plain reason. But not yet

Take Your Clothes and Go

THOUSANDS of Americans live in Europe. Every considerable city on the Continent has its American colony, and year by year these colonies grow apace. Nearly all these expatriated Americans are people of means; many of them are rich. They lead lives of industrious idleness and get consideration far beyond their dues, simply because they are Americans

It is natural that they should dislike America; it is fortunate that their dislike has been strong enough to take them away from home and to keep them there; it is a pity that the migrating impulse does not seize upon more of their kind. The world has room for idlers—it has room for all sorts of people. But America has no room for them. That great workshop wants no idlers of whatever kind obstructing the aisles and hindering the toilers at their tasks. That will be a sorry day for America when the leisure class finds it an agreeable place of residence

For a "Whole President"

THERE is never much hope of beating a man, whether for President or for dog-catcher, whether in the nominating convention or at the polls, unless you have got a man to beat him with

An issue without a man would hardly do it, for an issue has color and force only as the man representing it has color and force. A man without an issue might do it, because a man of character is in himself a powerful issue. The man's the thing.

This fact must make Mr. Roosevelt sometimes think he will have a "walk-over" next year. And the thought must be distressing to one so fond of the combat, so eager to cry "Ha! Ha!" among the trumpets.

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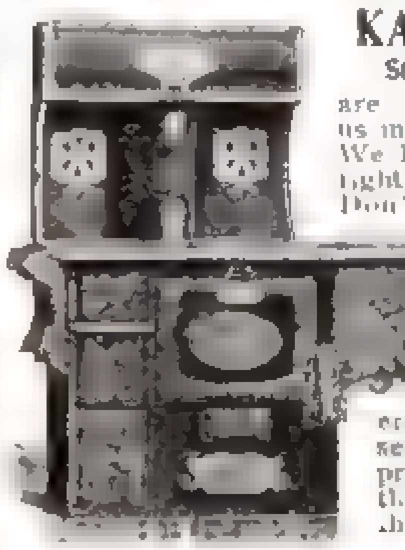
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is compounded from carefully selected ingredients, and more than ten years has been considered necessary to develop the true perfume. One or two drops on handkerchief or lace produce satisfactory results. The concentrated strength and antiseptic qualities easily distinguish **Atar Myosotis** from cheap articles mixed with water, and in order to further distinguish the product from others, the Atars are offered only in Blue Glass bottles, mounted with sterling silver. It is the most refined, unique and attractive article for the toilet ever exhibited.

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LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

Human and Inhuman Books

AFTER all, Evolution as yet is only a theory open to debate. But there can be no doubt that that intangible essence or Thing which we call Humanity is to be found in other shapes than that of a man or a woman. A dog is often a better man than his master. The old monkey at the Zoo looks at you with enough dumb sarcasm and raillery in his eyes to fit out a dozen Ades and Dunnes.

It was known, too, as far back as the days of Job that certain plants have a human quality. The root of the mandrake bears a hideous resemblance to the figure of a man and is said to shriek when it is torn out of the ground. The common rubber plant is believed in its own country to have the soul of a cannibal. There is no doubt that it thrives best when fed on raw meat and blood.

There are, too, some books which have this abnormal human quality. They may be so weak and poor in execution as to be almost offensive. But they are more alive than any other writings. We talked the other day of some books which expressed a race. The individual man or woman is laid bare to the world in these as they were not in their lives. This is simply because the man and woman put their real selves into their autobiography or letters as they did not into their talk or actions. We feel ashamed and guilty as we read such books, as though we were peeping through a crack into a man's home. But after all, if he or his friends choose to lay bare the secrets of his life and call the world to see, who is to blame for looking?

Of course the books which this question will suggest first are those recently issued filled with the ill-smelling, rank Carlyle gossip (More Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle). They have raised a whirlwind of discussion and wrath here and in England, absurdly violent for the cause.

What are the plain facts about this famous husband and wife?

Thomas Carlyle was a dour, hungry, educated Scotchman, who was fitted by his Maker for his work in the world with one great idea. That was to get at the heart of things, to stand below all shams on the bed rock, where was nothing but God, the devil and the soul of Man. Everything else, wealth, rank, education, circumstance, he urged, were only old clothes in which we are swaddled from birth to death. This one truth he preached with the rapt passion of Isaiah. It was the living coal of fire with which he touched the lips of his generation. Scores of men who have helped the world since he died were taught by him to stand firm upon this basic Truth and to throw aside wealth and rank and circumstance as tawdry, worn-out garments.

And, in the mean time, Carlyle never forgot for a moment that he was the son of a laborer and the brother of a carter, while his wife was the owner of a paltry farm of four acres on which stood an old dwelling-house. This petty claim of hers to gentlehood made the great Seer look up through his whole life to her and to her mother as to beings of a superior order. By turns he humiliated himself before them or feebly girded at them. Naturally a man of irritable, malignant temper, at the very time that his inspired sentences were ringing throughout the world calling men to lofty heights of serene contemplation, he was spitting out his venom like an angry cat on every human being that came near him. Read, for instance, the Irish Journey, his own account of a pleasure trip in which he was fêted and welcomed by a warm-hearted people who honored him. From the ragged passengers on the boat on which he crossed the Channel to the noblemen whose hospitality he accepted, there is not a man or woman that he saw whom he does not hold up to public ridicule and contempt. In all of these huge volumes of Journals and Letters he has not a good word for a single human being but one, the woman—not his wife—whom he loved. No one can deny Carlyle's marvelous genius or the force with which he urged one great primal truth upon the world for the healing and enfranchisement of humanity. But neither can we doubt that, owing either to a torpid liver or cerebral disease, he had the disposition of a venomous animal.

His wife has just been exploited to the public in a half dozen volumes as a Problem and a Martyr. Jane Welsh was no martyr, nor in any sense a problem. She belonged to the now very common and large class of vain, selfish, discontented women, who find no work in the world beyond the study of their own small selves and lamentations over their fate. She was, we are told, naturally an anæmic, unhealthy woman, and fed her disease by incessant dosing with drugs, cigar smoking, and the constant free use of brandy and morphine. Carlyle's fame brought to their little home in Chelsea the foremost men of all countries. But in this huge accumulation of her letters there is not one intelligent appreciation of any of these men, nor any comments upon the great events or problems of the day. She seemed to be scarcely conscious even of her husband's work for the world. The letters are wholly occupied with her own diseases and doses, the doings of her kitchen-maids and of the vermin in the house. She had a certain flippancy which in this country establishes the "smart" woman in a village. She spared nobody. Even the one friend to whom she turned in need was made the victim of her rancorous gossip.

The sum of the whole matter is that Thomas Carlyle and his wife had scurrilous tongues and were restrained in the use of them neither by Christian precepts, which they denied, nor the ordinary reticence of well-bred people, which they never had been taught. Why the Carlyle family or Froude should have laid bare this miserable interior of the life of the great Seer is a mystery to all decent men and women.

A revelation of a private life equaling this in indecency is found in the Memoirs of Sir Richard Burton, the famous explorer and linguist. We have his life in two large volumes by Isabel Burton, his wife *(Appleton & Company)*, another equally detailed by Francis Hitchman *(Sampson Low, London)*, a true life of Sir R. F. Burton, by his niece *(H. S. Nichols, London)*, and lastly a life of Isabel, Lady Burton, by W. H. Wilkins *(Hutchinson, Paternoster Row, London)*.

The man shows himself the same in all—a learned brute. His wife asserts that he was of Arab blood. Wilkins insists that he was of gipsy birth. He was a failure in school, in college and in the army. Even as an explorer he stopped near the goal—the source of the Nile, while a subordinate pushed on and won the acclamations of all Europe. He was master of the Oriental tongues and translated the unexpurgated edition of the Arabian Nights, dear to scholars. Some unpublished accusation against him credited by the English Government barred his promotion in the army and civil service. But Burton cared little for idleness or disgrace. Whether gipsy or Arab, he was assuredly a born vagabond. He wandered incessantly from Iceland to India, from Salt Lake City to Zanzibar. He married a brilliant woman, a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk, one of the great Arundel family, who perpetually besieged her relations high in office to give him work. As soon as he was placed in office he "heard the East a-calling" and set off to it, ordering his wife to "pay, pack and follow." He made the gently born, loving girl his valet and groom; in the desert she cooked, cleaned his clothes, and with her own hands groomed the horses and camels. When he was discharged in disgrace from the post of Consul at Damascus he galloped to the nearest seaport and sailed to England, leaving her to a month's hard manual labor before she could join him. More than once he left her unprotected in the desert surrounded by a hostile tribe. She, loyal as her race, served him, worked for him, begged for him, held him up to the world as a hero, and when he was dead placed him above ground in a stone tent with space in it for herself, with the inscription over it, "Pay, pack and follow." He left to her a translation of an Arabic book for which she was offered a sum sufficient to maintain her in comfort. But finding that it was of a character which would corrupt the

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The Catalogue and a large assortment of the newest samples will be sent FREE on request. Be sure to say you wish the New Fall Catalogue No. 51. Mention whether you wish samples for Suits or Cloaks and about the colors you desire, and we will send a full line of exactly what you wish.

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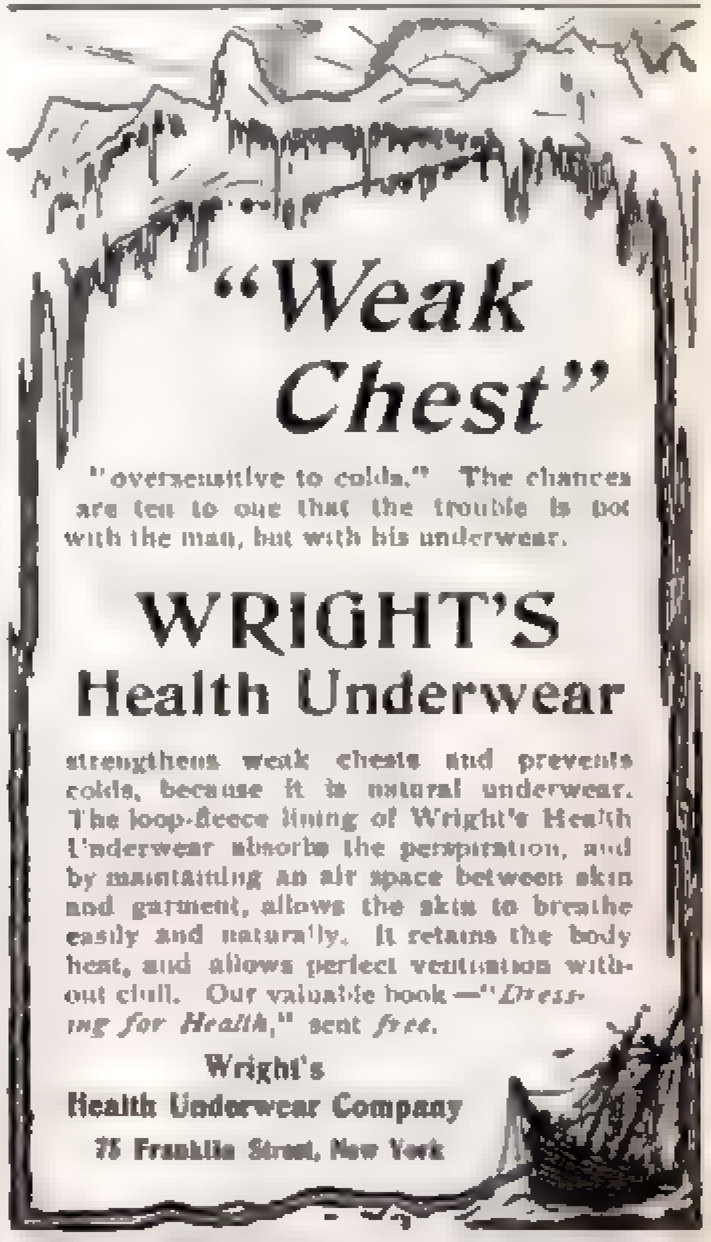
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CHEESE PUFFS WITH Green Salads

Corn Starch Talk

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG

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With a little thought given to the subject quite a variety of salads made be served from day to day. Wafers are sometimes served with these salads, but a more acceptable accompaniment is suggested below. These puffs are easy to make, and are more delicate than most, owing to the substitution of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch for a part of the flour.

CHEESE PUFFS.

Place half a cup of water and one fourth cup of butter in a granite sauce pan over the fire and when this is boiling add two rounding tablespoons of flour and one of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, which have been sifted together. Beat thoroughly while cooking for several minutes, remove from the fire and stir in half a cup of fresh grated cheese. Season with salt and paprika and beat in two eggs, singly. Press the mixture through pastry bag on a well greased baking sheet, making balls less than two inches across. Bake in very moderate oven about twenty-five minutes, until light and firm. These may be served warm or split open when cold and fill with whipped cream to which has been added salt, pepper and a little Parmesan cheese.

CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED

If you are tired of eating the same old things *Try*

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

with peaches and cream. The fruit and *Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit* have rare affinity and each sets off the flavor of the other. This Natural Food appeals to **the eye, the palate and the reason.**

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world, and (more important, perhaps, to her) injure his reputation, she burned the manuscript and left herself penniless.

Her Memoir of her husband and that of Hitchman are meant to glorify "Ruffian Dick," as he was called by his friends. The life by his niece, Miss Stisted, is a malignant attack on Lady Burton, dictated by petty feminine malice; and the Life of Lady Burton, by Mr. Wilkins, is an eager, angry vindication of her.

The biography of Mrs. Oliphant is another amazing revelation to the curious public of the secret life of an individual and a family. Margaret Oliphant and George Eliot stood side by side as painters of English character. Of the two the Scotchwoman had perhaps the finer touch; her genius was more subtle and human, her technique less artificial than that of her rival. But she is already almost forgotten, while George Eliot still holds a first place among the Victorian writers. The reason of this is that George Eliot's genius was carefully nursed and tended by her lover, George Lewes, and a coterie of admirers. She was anxiously watched during the writing of each book, fed with useful scraps of knowledge, applauded and encouraged. When the book was published she was carried to Italy for a year to rest; not a word of adverse criticism ever was allowed to reach her ears. Her brain reposed on beds of flowery ease until it gained strength for another effort.

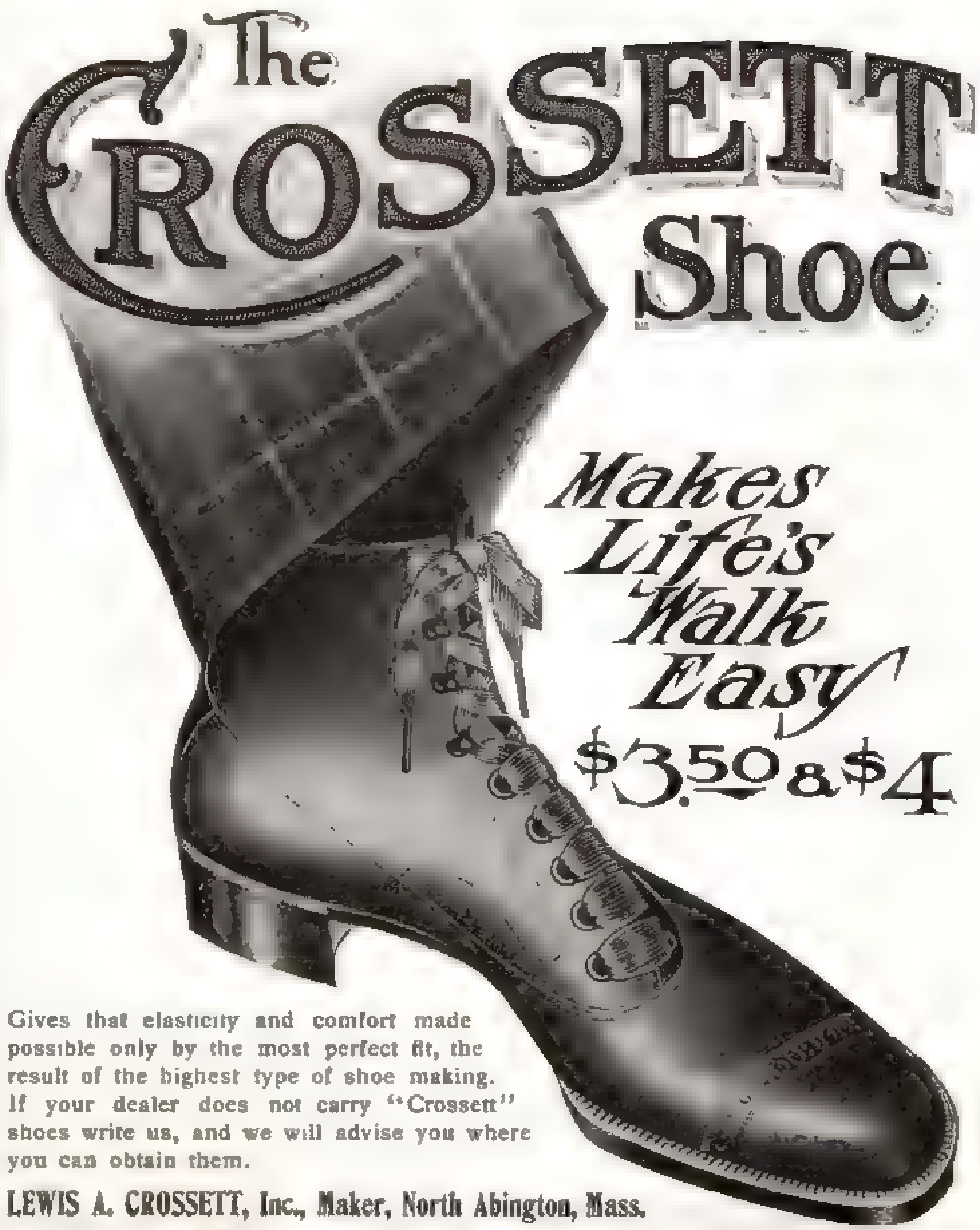
Mrs. Oliphant, on the contrary, never rested for a day, grinding out novels by the dozen with such rapidity that she sometimes forgot the names of her characters. She worked for the support of half a dozen healthy men, her sons and brothers, who were content to remain idle while she fed them. On her deathbed she writes the tragedy of her life, unconscious of the humor and pathos in it, in order to earn a few more dollars for her dependents after she was dead. But the reader, if he is human, finds himself praying that they found their bread both bitter and scarce when she was gone.

Madame Edmond Adam draws her own portrait for the public in a little volume called The Romance of my Childhood and Youth *(Appleton)*, in which she carefully sketches the development of her brain in an obscure French village under the care of half a dozen kinsfolk who were devout Catholics, Imperialists, Atheists and Anarchists. The lady with her poses and her development soon becomes tiresome to the reader, but the picture which she unconsciously draws of her family is of vivid, absorbing interest. We all are familiar with the life of the nobles and the peasants in France during the *ancien régime* and the first and second Empires. But I know of no other book than this which gives a true picture of the *haute bourgeoisie* in the early part of last century, to which class Madame Adam belonged. Balzac's portraits of them are rendered worthless by their malignancy. *Bon papas* and *ingénues*, venerable priests and children all peer at us from his canvas with the same unclean leer. His people are infected with the disease of vice.

But Madame Adam throws open the homes of her grandfathers and aunts and we see them just as they were, with their sharp wits, their incomplete education, their total ignorance of good breeding, their jewels and brocades, their jealousy of the nobles, while they trampled peasants under foot, and their daily outbreaks of rage against each other which began in passionate curses and ended in tears and embraces just as passionate. History owes Madame Adam a debt for her picture of them taken from the life.

If the reader chooses to make a leap from the bourgeois malcontents of France into the *haute noblesse* of Italy he should read the Chronicles of the House of Borgia, compiled by Baron Corvo *(E. P. Dutton & Company)*. The Baron wields a strong but most un-English pen. His effects are vivid and startling as limelights. His chief object is to cleanse the memory of the Borgia family of all the suspicions of murder, poisoning and other inhuman doings which have clung to them during many centuries. Especially does he purify and hold up for our reverence the beautiful face of Madonna Lucrezia Borgia, "brighter for her virtues than Lucrece, the star of regal Rome."

The book purports to be a portrait of this famous lady and of the family to which she belonged. Most clearly limned are the faces of the Popes of this famous House. If the public can forgive the Baron for robbing them of one of their pet monsters and turning her into a good wife and mother, his book ought to be widely read. It deserves to be.



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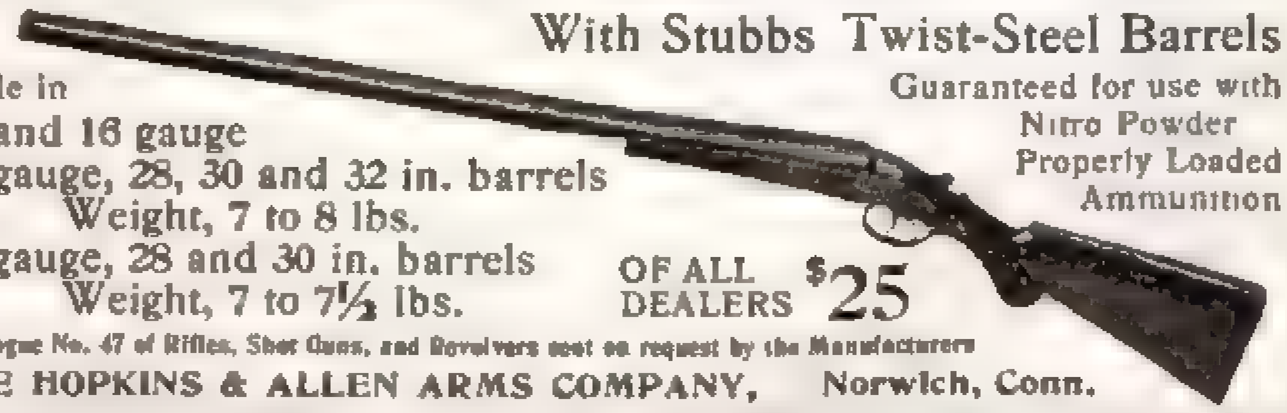

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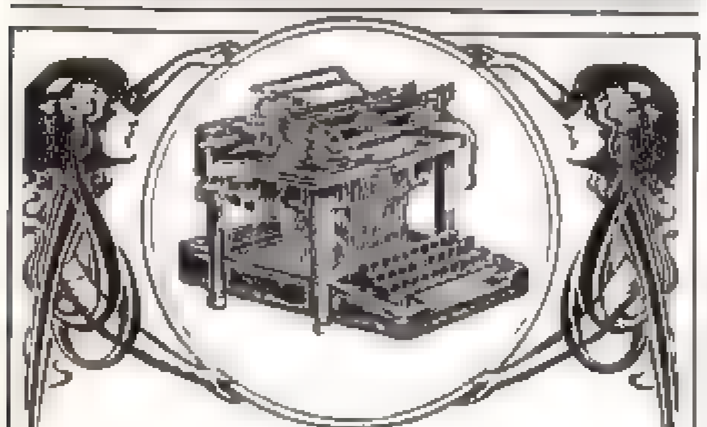


The Remington Typewriter

represents the result of more study, more effort, more labor and more practical experience in typewriter manufacture than all other makes of writing machines combined.

It ought to be the best and IT IS

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.
327 Broadway, New York

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief — For —

PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original) [illegible] Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

The Witchery of "the Weed"

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS

AMONG the hurtful habits of the civilized man, is there any more wonderful than the tenacity with which he clings to tobacco in its various forms, while at the same time confessing its hurtfulness? Who is not familiar with the gentle Elia's typical "Farewell to Tobacco," in which, after ironically exorcising it with all sorts of hard names, he suddenly turns traitor to the cause he had espoused and, archly declaring that his hatred was but feigned, concludes by asserting his resolve still to retain

> A seat among the joys
> Of the bless'd tobacco boys,

where, though he may be debarred by a sour physician the full luxury of the plant, he yet

> May catch
> Some collateral sweets, and snatch
> Sidelong odors that give life,
> Like glances from a neighbor's wife

The struggle so vividly described by this delightful writer—this being whom a Frenchman who knew him has depicted as gay and melancholy, and sickly to an excess, drinking a little too much ale with his friends, smoking too much, spending in puns nine-tenths of his talents, in old books of the fifteenth century three-fourths of his little income—the struggle between "the gentle Elia's" love of tobacco and his keen sense of the necessity of severing himself from it, is one through which a myriad of human beings have passed, and almost invariably with the same result. Who that has ever fallen under the sorcery of the weed has not again and again resolved to escape from its spell—racking the vocabulary for epithets with which to curse it, and yet again and again yielding to the siren, affirming

> 'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee,
> None e'er prospered who defamed thee!

One of Lamb's most characteristic letters is that in which he wrote to his fellow-humorist, Tom Hood, that he designed to give up smoking, but had not yet thought of the equivalent vice. "I must have quid pro quo," he added, "or a quo pro *quid*."

Some Early Smokers

If logic and learning, satire and eloquence, could "kill off" a plant, tobacco would ages ago have ceased to be chewed, smoked or snuffed. Again and again has it been shown, by overwhelming proofs, that the tobacco habit is unthrifty, tyrannical, damaging to the health and purse, that the weed is a debilitant; that it stimulates the nerves till they become irritated nerves; that it weakens the nerve centres; that it lessens vitality, consequently energy, and renders one an easy victim to disease. Again and again has it been shown that moderation in a habit so related to the will is exceedingly difficult, because "the habit itself is one of *indulgence*, a field from which the will is shut out and hence the only limit, ordinarily, is that imposed by satiety; the smoker stops when he does not care to smoke longer." Over all these physiological and many other potent reasons, even when their force is fully acknowledged, the witchery of the weed triumphs in the vast majority of cases and holds the smoker or chewer in a grip as fast as that which held Laocoon and his sons.

The first users of tobacco were laughed at; next they were subject to prosecution. James I, King of England, wrote a book, Miso-Capnos, against snuff takers. Pope Urban VIII excommunicated men who used tobacco or snuff in churches. Queen Elizabeth authorized the beadles in the churches to confiscate the snuff-boxes of all who filled their noses with the titillating powder during divine service. Amurath IV forbade the use of snuff under the penalty of having one's nose cut off.

Some years ago a French writer gathered the opinions of a considerable number of literary men of his country regarding the effects of the Virginia weed. M. Dumas found that after a while its use made him giddy—the giddiness disappearing six months after he had stopped smoking. "Tobacco, in my opinion," he said, "together with alcohol, is the most formidable enemy of intelligence." Augier and Feuillet almost died of smoking. Taine smoked cigarettes, but admitted that

[*Continued on Page 17*]

BANKING BY MAIL

is simply a matter of dropping a letter in the post office. It is as convenient and satisfactory in every way as making a personal trip to the bank, and is more beneficial and helpful because it enables you to take advantage of the security and high rate of interest offered by this institution.

Deposits are accepted in any amount from $1 up, and interest allowed at the rate of 4% compounded twice a year

The following table shows the rapid growth of small weekly savings:

Weekly [illegible]	Rate of Interest	For 5 Years	For 10 Years	For 20 Years	For 40 Years
$0.25	FOUR Per Cent. per annum, compounding twice a year, 1st May and 1st November	$ 73	$ 162	$ 403	$ 1,294
.50		146	324	806	2,588
1.00		293	650	1,614	5,177
2.00		586	1,301	3 228	10,355
5.00		1 462	3,252	8,070	25 888

This bank originated the banking by mail system. It has depositors in all parts of the civilized world.

Booklet and full information sent free if you mention The Saturday Evening Post

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK, Pittsburgh, Pa.
FOUNDED 1866
Capital, Surplus and Profits, $1,116,000.00

Karo Corn Syrup is a new delicious table delicacy made from corn, with the food value of the grain retained. On griddle cakes of all makes it adds a relish that will sharpen the poorest appetite. Karo Corn Syrup is not a molasses, but a *pure, wholesome, nutritious* syrup. Sold in air-tight, friction-top tins, which keep its goodness good. 10c., 25c and 50c., at all grocers.

Karo

CORN SYRUP

THE GREAT SPREAD FOR DAILY BREAD

CORN PRODUCTS CO., New York and Chicago

Some paints dry dead; others are so [illegible] dry they crack or chalk off.

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

lives with a lustre. Guaranteed to wear for five years.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO., General Distributors. Send for Book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

Patton Paint Co., 231 Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

His Razor Doesn't Pull

Does Yours?

Try His

$1 POSTPAID Replaced if Unsatisfactory

SHUMATE DOLLAR RAZOR

"THE RAZOR WITH A CHARACTER"

Cannot be excelled. Finest steel. Hollow ground. Patent process temper. GUARANTEE to replace and ask no questions [illegible]. Send your dollar today and see for yourself. FREE BOOK. Send for it.

SHUMATE RAZOR CO., Dept. F, Austin, Tex.
For branch offices see *Munsey's, Argosy, Everybody's*, etc.

Ad. Writing as a Money-Making Business

Arthur G. Eldridge
Boston, Mass
Samuel Jump
Baltimore, Md
Miss Blanche Amn
Oleander, Cal
W. A. Reynolds
Minneapolis, Minn

Incomes From $100.00 to $500.00 a Month Through Mail Instruction. Graduates Testify

By GEORGE H. POWELL

THE modern business of advertising writing is arousing widespread attention throughout the commercial world, and the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, especially, are evincing unusual interest, as may be judged by the large number of young men and women who write me for the facts which my various writings in the periodical press can only hint at in the most casual way.

Business men, too, who feel the need of the great stimulus produced by up-to-date advertising, and who must attend to it themselves, largely because skilled ad. writers are entirely too few in number to lend their aid, are likewise consulting me, and the final result will not only greatly benefit their enterprises but it will materially advance the cause of good advertising and be responsible for the building up of many a large business.

I find that the great body of my readers, while admitting the marvelous possibilities of advertising, are nevertheless loth to believe that the art of writing advertisements can be thoroughly taught by mail. It is for the benefit of these doubters that I am now writing, and while the allotted space is limited, yet much can be made clear.

I established my school at the urgent suggestion of notable advertising authorities, who realized the great need of expert instruction. The institutions that entered the field early were producing only limited results, due to lack of expertness on the part of the instructors themselves, which had been especially unsatisfactory when business men enrolled to acquire skill in the preparation of their own ads. The Powell System, now generally conceded to be a correct method of teaching advertising writing, has been a marvelous success because it confines the student to ad. writing from start to finish. The "lecture" or "essay" idea finds no place since practice, not theory, produces expertness. Nor does the Powell System attempt to deal with the business management of agencies or newspapers. Concentration is the keynote.

The concrete principle—work—is the one factor that dominates my relations with the student from first to last.

The Powell System is the result of my long experience as a business and advertising expert; in addition to my experience, years before correspondence instruction was devised, in training a clerk in my own employ, who only took up the study of ad. writing because I assured him that it was "going to be the greatest business on earth in a few years."

How did I teach him? Why, simply by selecting a series of actual advertisements, explaining the good and bad elements, and requiring him to write out and prepare at home evenings his own efforts for my revision and criticism. And this, too, is the Powell System of to-day, save that my analysis and explanatory sheets now take the place of personal conversation, which the clerk referred to often forgot in many instances. And here is the superiority of the correspondence plan.

I taught this bright young man how to originate illustrative ideas and how to write in a catchy, taking vein, but being no artist myself, and unable even to make an attempt at drawing a representation of my teacher as a boy, I did not bother this first student with "drawing," which is a wholly unnecessary accomplishment in the ad. writer, although no handicap, of course. There is no such a thing as "born advertising originality." It is acquired only by study.

To-day this original student is one of the most celebrated and skillful ad. writers in America, and draws a large salary running into the thousands. And all he had at the start was a good common school education, coupled with steadfastness and a willingness to work.

There has never been a time since I gave the Powell System to the business world that a change of plan was ever found necessary, and the scores of young men and women I have instructed and made practical ad. writers, capable of earning from $25.00 a week up during the past year or two, are living examples of what I can do for ambitious people.

Added to my regular instruction is my examination of the business man's individual needs, and by recommending improvements, apart from the advertising instruction itself, I have won unstinted praise.

In a word, the student who completes my course of instruction is thoroughly grounded in the art of producing original advertising that will attract attention and create business—the kind of advertising that is to-day in active demand. And in this connection I may add that not a week passes that the most prominent business concerns in America do not apply to me for advertising talent—and frequently at salaries double what any recent graduate could hope to earn.

I shall be glad to mail my beautiful new Prospectus—the most meaty work of the sort ever published—to all business men who want more business and to all young men and women who want more salary or income. Simply address me George H. Powell, 23 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

Russell Sage's advice,

"Young Man, Buy New York Real Estate,"

will soon rank with Horace Greeley's aphorism—"Young man, go West."

"If you are going to do a good thing, do it in the best way," is another maxim of which you will appreciate the force if you visit

Wm. H. Reynolds' Borough Park

before buying elsewhere.

This is a picture of eleven houses now going up in Borough Park on lots 44 to 63 inclusive, in block 64, which were [illegible]. These houses are only $5,500 each, not comparable to [illegible] we have ranging in value from $[illegible] to $[illegible],000, but they show that another step has been taken toward the realization of the investment [illegible].

[illegible] years ago there were only twenty houses on this square mile—now there are nearly eight hundred [illegible] and another [illegible] building. When we put up the first 150 houses we were particular to build them [illegible] apart [illegible] while preserving the Park-like character and appearance of the property.

[illegible] imagined that for many years Borough Park would [illegible] residential [illegible] the opening of the new bridges and tunnels [illegible] Company has appropriated $[illegible] [illegible] running between Borough Park and [illegible] of brick and stone apartment houses, adding enormously to the value of the land, because when this is accomplished each twenty-foot lot will give its owner from three to five rents instead of one rent from two or three lots, as at present.

It seems impossible to believe that such a little city as Borough Park has become should be destined to be rebuilt, but it would be stranger yet were this not to happen. Less than twenty years ago there was not a block on Prospect Park Slope [illegible] play ball in open fields, or where the cows were not to be seen at pasture. Consider difference now.

[illegible] in City Hall Park can be seen four magnificent stone buildings, all of which are destined to be torn down and carted away shortly, as one of their fellows was [illegible] a few months ago to make way for the [illegible] improvement.

The [illegible] Stewart home at 34th St. and 5th Ave., for a generation one of New York's show places and the wonder of [illegible]

There are now some hundreds of buildings in New York averaging twelve to fourteen stories in height where twenty years ago there was not one. Almost every one of these buildings has taken the place of one that was perhaps bigger [illegible] Borough Park.

[illegible] is now as good as passed by the City Fathers in the widening of a street and the condemnation of 40 feet of property, with the destruction of the old houses now upon it, at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars.

There is nothing [illegible] wonderful in the replacing of Borough Park's pretty villas and the building in their stead of fine apartment houses as has already taken place in New York [illegible]—as is taking place every day. When this [illegible] and shrewd business investors are already buying in this belief, every purchaser of lots [illegible] be exceeded by what he can make if he refuses to sell and leases for business purposes. [illegible]

Borough Park is not an outlying section composed of bare ground and promises, but a tract on which over seven hundred houses have been built by New York and Brooklyn business men during the past four years.

We do not show you a few graded streets, a score of lamp posts and a few sign boards. We have

723 houses, 100 more building;
19 miles of cement sidewalks;
4000 trees growing;
250 lamp posts (letter boxes);
5 miles of hedges;
2 school houses to accommodate 2200 pupils;
7 churches;
Club House for residents, costing $55,000;
Sewers building, the trunk line costing over $1,000,000 complete; New York fire and police protection.

Direct "L" Railway communication from the center of the property to Park Row, Manhattan, in twenty-six minutes; no change of cars and a five-cent fare.

Consider these facts. You could not possibly buy real estate in any one of New York's five Boroughs and hold it until the completion of the bridge and tunnel projects now in progress without making a great profit, but you might as well buy the best and the quickest.

$324,000,000 is now spending (see *New York Herald* of December 21st, 1902) on transit and other improvements in New York and Brooklyn, and half of this money could not be better spent for the betterment of Borough Park lots if we had the direction of the expenditure.

Think what $5,000,000 would do for almost any piece of property in America, then think of what $10,000,000 would do! Can you doubt that the expenditure of $162,000,000 on or near any mile square plot of land within striking distance of even a small city would more than double its value?

The objection of hundreds of would-be investors in Borough Park lots is that it is easy enough to put the money into them but quite another thing to sell one's lots.

We do not offer Borough Park lots as a "going concern," that is, as a live investment in which the investor can place his money and withdraw it with a large increase at any moment. What we do say is that no one who places money in these lots can fail to obtain an enormous deferred dividend. We strongly advise our customers to go into the investment only with the expectation of keeping up their payments for several years, and in spite of the surprising returns which some of our customers have received on the sale of their lots within a few months or a year or two of purchase, we believe they would have done far better to await the completion of the various bridges and tunnels now in course of construction, which will throw such a mass of population into the section in which these lots are situated that investors cannot but reap enormous returns for their money. Here are a few facts:

Mr. Edward Burke, of 6 W. 28th St., New York City, bought ten lots in Borough Park three years ago for $450 each. These lots were the best and highest priced on the property at the time. He sold five of them a year ago for $10,000, thus clearing $5500 on the price of the lots and has still in his possession five lots which have cost him nothing, and which are worth at least $2000 each.

Mr. Frank Giard, of 12 Bank St., Danbury, Conn., who now holds nearly $5000 worth of Borough Park lots, bought two lots in August, 1901, which he resold in February, 1902, for an advance of $350. As Mr. Giard had only paid in $132 when he sold his contract for $482 seven months after purchase, his percentage of profit is enormous.

The following is a sample of the letters constantly received at the Borough Park Company's offices:

"J. R. Henry, Attorney & Counsellor at Law
[illegible] Broadway, New York [illegible]

"Senator Wm. H. Reynolds, Pres. Borough Park Co.,
[illegible] Broadway, New York City.
"New York, July 16th, 1903.

"Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to say that the three lots which I purchased of you in March, 1903, were sold yesterday at a profit of nearly 50 per cent on the purchase price. I regard your property as being unusually good for investment. I am, Very truly yours, (Signed) JOHN RANDOLPH HENRY."

Professor Irwin F. Mather, of Fort Edward, N. Y., who purchased a pair of lots through our Glens Falls, N. Y., agent, Mr. E. A. Waite, in September, 1902, sold them for an advance of 150 per cent in February of this year.

These are only a few of the many advances in the open market realized by Borough Park customers, and we take pleasure in authorizing any reader of this advertisement to write to any or all of the customers named, for confirmation of these facts.

We allow the railway fares, both ways, to customers residing not more than fifteen hundred miles from New York.

We claim that Borough Park's worst lots are better and cheaper than the best lots of any other operation of the kind.

We have upon our books the names of many purchasers on other plots who, after personal inspection of their holdings, have bought our lots and forfeited anywhere from $50 to $400 paid in to other [illegible].

It will only cost you one cent and a minute's time to send us a postal, which will bring you full particulars. You will do better to send **$10** for each lot you wish to purchase, prices from **$475** to **$1450** (**$10** down and **$6** monthly) and we will select you best possible sites unsold upon reception of your money. Remember we absolutely guarantee all representations, and we will exchange any lot or lots allotted you for any other unsold lots on the property, at **to-day's current prices**, if you take advantage of our offer of free railway fares and come on to inspect within sixty days.

Address

WM. H. REYNOLDS' BOROUGH PARK COMPANY
277 Broadway, New York City

SENT ON APPROVAL
TO RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE

Laughlin
Fountain Pen

Guaranteed Finest Grade 14k.
SOLID GOLD PEN
To test the merits of
The Saturday Evening Post
as an advertising medium we offer your choice of

These Two Popular Styles For Only $1.00 Postpaid to any Address

By registered mail 8 cents extra.

Holder is made of finest quality hard rubber, in four simple parts, fitted with very highest grade, large size 14k. gold pen, any flexibility desired — ink-feeding device perfect.

Either style — **Richly Gold Mounted** for presentation purposes, $1.00 extra.

Grand Special Offer

You may try the pen a week, if you do not find it as represented, fully as fine a value as you can secure for three times the price in any other makes, if not satisfactory in every respect, return it and we will send you $1.10 for it, the additional 10c is for your trouble, and to show our confidence in our goods.

Illustration on left is full size of Ladies' style; on right, Gentlemen's style.

Lay this POST Down and Write NOW

Safety Pocket Pen Holder sent free of charge with each Pen

ADDRESS

Laughlin Mfg. Co.
937 Griswold St., DETROIT, MICH.

Travel with A Good Trunk

Trunk and Dresser Combined
"Young" TOLEDO O.
Maker of Celebrated
STANLEY TRUNKS

Everything is in easy reach [illegible] sliding drawers. It is [illegible] as the [illegible] the finest and most [illegible]. Costs no more than others.

SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY
"On Approval"

Until every traveler learns the true value of these modern and convenient trunks we will sell them "direct from factory" *at factory prices*, giving all the privilege of returning any trunk if not thoroughly pleased and satisfied after making examination. We build every style of modern Wardrobe Trunks.

A Free Book: A comprehensive booklet showing large views of this trunk (open and [illegible]) and many other styles, sent free. Ask for catalog A 1009

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd., Toledo, Ohio

Established 1823

Chickering
PIANOS

Illustrated Catalogue sent upon application

CHICKERING & SONS,
806 Tremont St.,
Boston, Mass.

WE WANT IDEAS, DESIGNS AND DRAWINGS THAT CAN BE USED FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES
Write for particulars
ELCOME & BILLSTEIN
920 Mariner and Merchant Bldg. Philadelphia, Pa.

The Witchery of "the Weed"

(Continued from Page 15)

it was a bad habit. Zola said that he left off smoking some years before, by the advice of a physician, and added: "Perfection is so dull a thing that I often regret having cured myself of smoking." We all know the sad fate of Stevenson. It is said that during the last six months of his life he smoked an average of forty cigarettes a day, and often as many as eighty in twenty-four hours. Just before his death he confessed that his bill for cigars amounted to $450 a year. In vain did his physician warn him against his tobacco habit; he stuck to nicotine as the only specific for his chronic nervousness and insomnia, and a year afterward died.

The tobacco habit has not been so common a weakness of eminent men as excessive fondness for the juice of the grape; yet famous smokers and snuff takers would make a mighty company. Among England's worthies, Thomas Hobbes, the famous philosopher, mathematician and author, was one of the most noted patrons of the pipe. When living with Lord Devonshire he used to dine at twelve, and soon retired to his study and had his candle with ten or twelve pipes of tobacco laid by him; then, shutting his door, he fell to smoking, thinking and writing for several hours. No serious damage to his health *appears* to have resulted, for he lived over ninety-one years, yet who can doubt that he would have lived longer had he denied himself the indulgence? The worst effect of the ten or twelve daily pipes was probably to intensify the natural irritability of his disposition; for the soothing influence of tobacco is only temporary, while its permanent effect is the opposite of calming. So at least, more than one distinguished physician has averred. That Hobbes was terribly peevish in his old age, and that "he did not easily brook contradiction," there can be no doubt. The clouds of smoke in which he lived did not cloud his style, which Sir James Mackintosh calls "the very perfection of didactic language. Short, clear, precise, pithy, his language has never more than one meaning, which requires never a second thought to find it."

Bismarck's Last Cigar

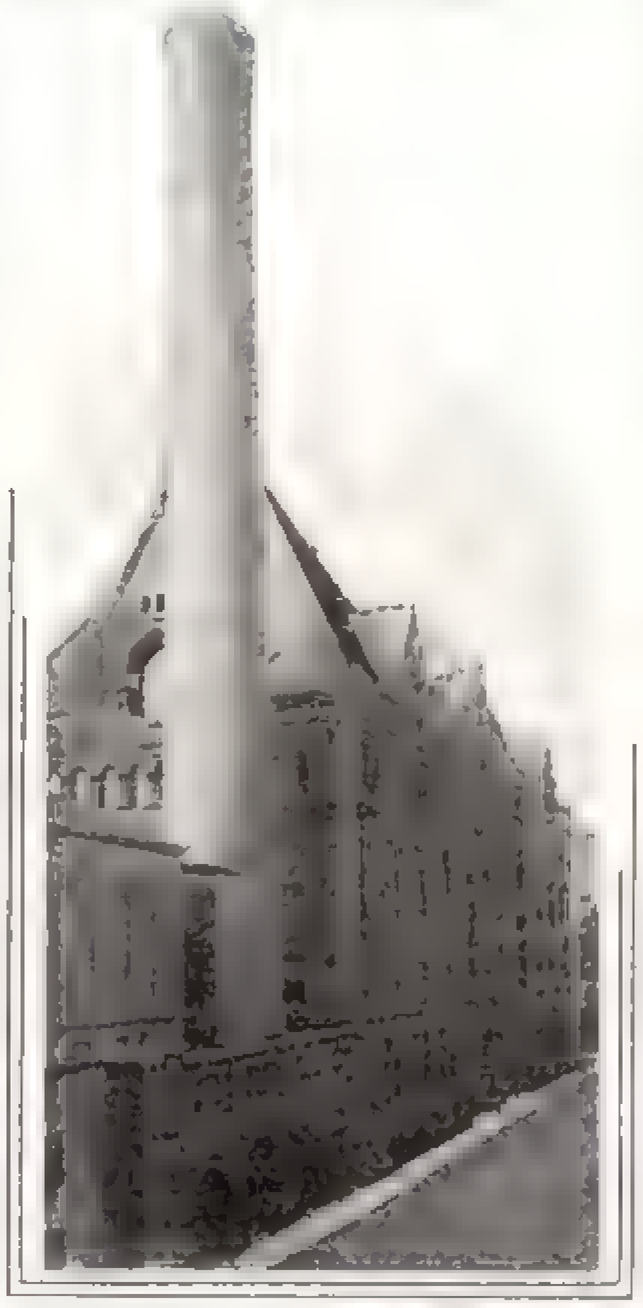
Walter Raleigh, who first made smoking fashionable in England, was a type of the whole "grand army" of smokers. Though an elegant courtier, he smoked to the disgust of the ladies at court, smoked as he sat to see his friend Essex perish on the scaffold, and smoked just before he went to the scaffold himself. Robert Hall used to smoke till the last moment before ascending the pulpit, and resumed his pipe as soon as he came down. When a friend sought to convince him that tobacco was sapping his health, he replied: "I can't answer your arguments and I can't give up my pipe." Doubtless the great preacher sought in his pipe relief from one of the most acutely painful diseases with which a human being was ever afflicted. Spurgeon, it is well known, smoked, and lustily defended the practice. Bulwer, who spent but ten minutes at dinner, smoked incessantly. The most eminent lover of the Virginia weed in the last century was perhaps Bismarck, who, nevertheless, once derived from an unused cigar a pleasure more ecstatic than any lighted one had ever yielded to him. During the battle of Sedan he hoarded his last cigar, he says, "as a miser hoards his treasures." He was painting to himself in glowing colors the delightful hour when, after the battle, he could smoke it in peace, when he saw a poor wounded dragoon with both arms smashed, who whimpered for relief. Lighting the cigar, he stuck it between the soldier's teeth. "You ought to have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. No cigar ever tasted so good to me as this one which I did not smoke."

Alphonse Karr, in his charming Tour Round My Garden, observes that "had tobacco been a useful plant, it could never have survived the assaults made upon it. Had any statesman," he adds, "before tobacco was discovered, proposed, for the purposes of revenue, to introduce so nauseous and poisonous an article among the people; had he declared it his intention to offer it for sale, chopped up into pieces or reduced to powder, telling them that the consequences of chewing, snuffing or smoking it would be only pains in the stomach, vertigoes, sometimes colics, convulsions, vomitings of blood, that's all; the project would have been ridiculed

A Few Questions Answered

Q.—Is a correspondence course in Engineering the equivalent of a residence course in an Engineering College?

A.—No. Advantages, such as laboratory work, the inspiration of numbers and personal contact with able professors, cannot be obtained through correspondence.



(Main Building, Armour Institute of Technology.)

Q.—For whom is correspondence study intended?

A.—For that large class of aspiring persons who are too old, too busy, or without means to go to a resident school,—people who believe in the common-sense plan of spending a portion of their spare time in self-improvement.

Q.—What are the special advantages of a course with the American School of Correspondence?

A.—The student can carry on his studies without giving up his regular employment,—his instruction is under the supervision of members of the faculty of a resident engineering college (Armour Institute of Technology),—he studies from instruction papers especially written for home study by such authorities as Dr. L. C. Monin, Dean of the Cultural Studies, Armour Institute of Technology; Prof. F. B. Crocker, Head of the Department of Electrical Engineering, Columbia University; Prof. F. E. Turneaure, Acting Dean, College of Engineering, University of Wisconsin; Prof. William Esty, Lehigh University; Prof. Louis Derr, Mass. Institute of Technology; Prof. C. L. Griffin, Acting Dean, Department of Mechanical Engineering, Syracuse University, and others.

Q.—Are your correspondence courses thorough?

A.—Yes. Many of the instruction papers are used as text books in the government army schools and at several colleges.

Q.—What are the entrance requirements?

A.—Reading, writing and ambition.

Q.—How many courses do you give?

A.—About fifty,—Architecture, Electrical, Mechanical and Steam Engineering, Heating, Ventilation and Plumbing, Textile Manufacturing, Civil Engineering, Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting, Mechanical Drawing, Perspective Drawing, Pen and Ink Rendering, Refrigeration, Telephony, Telegraphy, etc. We shall be glad to send you our Catalogue descriptive of the courses of instruction.

Q.—How much time is required for study?

A.—About 30 minutes a day, but more is desirable if possible.

Q.—Can a course be taken while traveling?

A.—Yes. We are teaching students in New Zealand, Australia, Southern Africa, India, Japan and all parts of Europe.

Q.—Is there any expense other than tuition?

A.—Blank paper, drawing instruments (if you take drawing) and postage on your letters to the School, an amount so small that it need not be considered.

Q.—Are you called upon to fill positions?

A.—Constantly. Read the following letters.

THE STOVER MFG. CO., Freeport, Illinois.—"We want a man who can assist us in designing special machines for the manufacture of our goods. Would be willing to start at from $75 to $100 a month, according to his ability."

L. C. DOGGETT (of the N. K. Fairbank Co.), Chicago.—"I have had positions for engineers in this company for more than three months. The demand for engineers is far beyond the supply."

Q.—Have you women students?

A.—Yes. A growing demand for competent draftswomen leads many to take up Architecture, Mechanical Drawing, Perspective Drawing, or Pen and Ink Rendering.

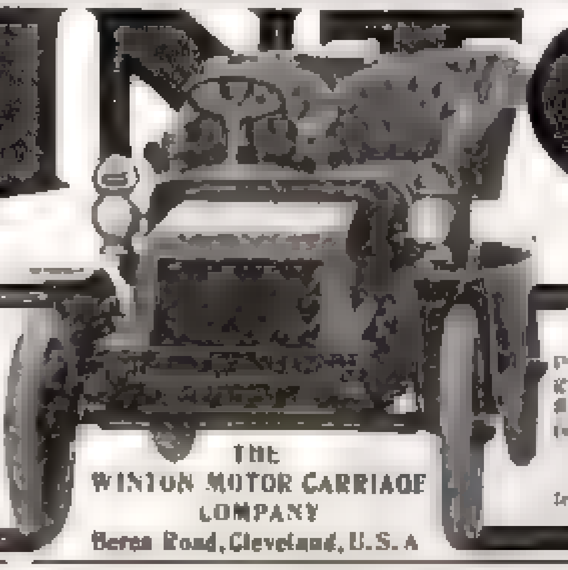
Q.—If I wish to learn more about the School will my inquiry be taken as a promise to enroll?

A.—Certainly not. A personal letter addressed to The Secretary will receive prompt attention and every courtesy possible will be shown you.

Send for illustrated booklet of letters from students and graduates.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
at
Armour Institute of Technology,
Room 122 C. CHICAGO, ILLS.

WINTON



The Power in a 20 horsepower Winton [illegible] gasoline, but the vapor of gasoline mixed with air and fed to a confined chamber, in which it is expanded by succession of electric sparks from dry batteries.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY
Berea Road, Cleveland, U.S.A.

The safety of this is obvious. Compared with the methods of cars which use gasoline under pressure and a naked flame requiring constant watching, there is certainly but one choice.

Winton branches and agencies in all leading cities.

GODIVA
HAIR BRUSH

REACHES THE SCALP AT EVERY STROKE

Has penetrating bristles of finest quality that excite vitality and encourage luxuriant growth — Solid back — A perfect brush

If you cannot get it at your dealer's write us.

S. E. HOWARD'S SON & CO.
New York City

GUYOT SUSPENDERS are the easiest and most comfortable suspender made. Have indestructible buttonholes. If your dealer doesn't keep them send 50 cents for sample pair.
OSTHEIMER BROS., 691 Broadway, New York City

STAMMER
Our 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage.
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as absurd. "My good friend," would have been the reply of every sane listener to the scheme, "nobody will dispute with you the privilege of selling a thing of which there will be no buyers. You would have a far better chance of success, should you open a shop and write over it

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And yet the speculation has succeeded, and tobacco and its praises are in almost every man's mouth

To-day, while several of the United States are passing laws against the sale of cigarettes, the French Government has been appropriating money for the erection of a bronze statue to Jean Nicot (from whose name is derived the word "nicotine"), who first introduced tobacco in France in 1550. The United States Government, too, has just provided for the members of the House of Representatives, in the rear of the Representatives' Hall, the most sumptuous smoking-rooms in the country. Yet, though the most atrocious cabbage cigar may be smoked there to the very end, the cigarette is not tolerated for an instant

The literature of smoking would fill volumes. The pleasant lines, To My Cigar, of Charles Sprague, the Boston banker poet, in which he sings,

> Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
> And lap me in delight,

are known to many old Bostonians. But the finest tribute ever paid by an American to the "virtuous vice" of smoking, was The Last Cigar, written by an intimate friend of ours — Joseph Warren Fabens — sixty-two years ago, and which runs as follows:

The Last Cigar

'Twas off the blue Canaries,
A glorious summer's day,
I sat upon the quarter-deck
And whiffed my cares away;
And as the volumed smoke arose
Like incense on the air
I heaved a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

I leaned against the quarter-rail
And looked down in the sea
Even there the airy wreaths of smoke
Were curling gracefully
Oh, what had I, at such a time,
To do with wasting care?—
Alas! the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar.

I watched the ashes as it came
Fast nearing toward the end
I watched it as a friend would watch
Beside his dying friend
I could not speak — I could not stir—
But, like a statue there,
I whiffed the massy volumes out
Of that divine cigar

At length the pile of ashes fell,
Like child from mother torn,
And the smoke I drew in and out
Grew warm and yet more warm
I took one last, one lingering whiff,
A long whiff of despair,
And threw it from me — spare the tale—
It was my last cigar!

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distance dim,
And stood above the blighted heart
Where once proud hopes had been;
But never have I felt a thrill
Which could with that compare,
When, off the blue Canaries,
I smoked my last cigar.

These lines, published under an assumed name, were copied by us into a paper we were publishing in Maine in 1841, when a letter from Mr. Fabens informed us of the authorship, and that they were actually written off "the blue Canaries" immediately after the event they describe. Mr. Fabens was passionately fond of smoking and loved nothing better than to sit all day with a circle of smokers, and "whiff the massy volumes out" of "a divine cigar" and tell anecdotes and good stories. He was sailing by the Canary Islands, in a vessel of his father, who was a Salem ship owner, and was feeling very melancholy at the thought that he had just smoked his very last cigar, which could not be replaced for many weeks, when he sat down and gave expression to his sadness in the verses above quoted. They have been sung in colleges all over the land, but in a very imperfect form, and, when reprinted from time to time by the press, have been so mangled and incomplete that we are glad, in justice to their author, to give them as they were written.

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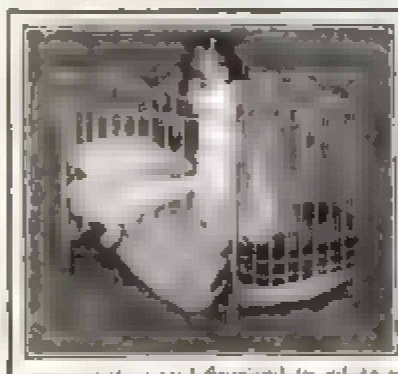

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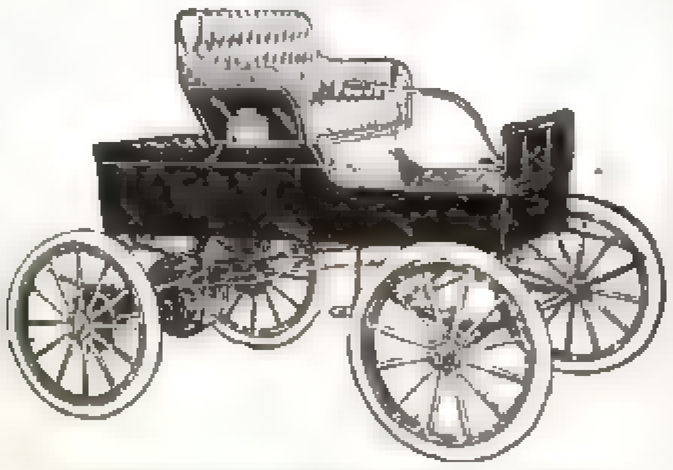

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THE BOSS

(Continued from Page 8)

wore the blemish in a spirit of philosophy and displayed no rancours against me as the author thereof. On the contrary, he was friendly to the verge of fulsome.

Sheeny Joe sold himself to the opposition, hoof and hide and horn. Nor was this, in the case of Sheeny Joe, a mock disposal of himself, although he gave both Big Kennedy and myself to suppose he still held by us in his heart. No, it wasn't the money that changed him; rather I should say that, for all his pretenses, his thoughts of revenge against me had never slept. It was now he believed his day to compass it had come The business was no more, no less than a sheer, bald plot to take my life, with Sheeny Joe to lie at the bottom of it, the bug of evil under that black chip

It was in the early evening at my own home. Sheeny Joe came and called me to the door, and all in a mighty hustle of hurry

"Big Kennedy wants you to come at once to The Tub of Blood," said Sheeny Joe

The Tub of Blood was a hang-out for certain bludgeon-wielding thugs who lived by the coarser crimes of burglary and highway robbery. It was suspected by Big Kennedy and myself as a camping spot for "repeaters" whom the enemy had been at pains to import against us. We had it then in plan to set the Tin Whistles to the sacking of it three days before the vote

On this word from Sheeny Joe, and thinking that some new program was afoot, I set forth promptly for The Tub of Blood. As I stepped through the door, a murderous creature known as Strong Arm Dan was busy polishing glasses behind the bar. He looked up and, giving a nod toward a room in the rear, said

"They want you inside"

The moment I set foot within that rear door I saw it was a trap. There were a round dozen waiting and each the flower of a desperate flock.

In the first surprise of it I did not speak, but instinctively got the wall to my back. As I faced them they moved uneasily, half rising from their chairs, growling, but speaking no word Their business was to attack me; yet they hung upon the edge of the enterprise, apparently in want of a leader. I was not a yard from the door, and having advantage of their slowness began making my way in that direction. They saw that I would escape, and yet they couldn't spur their courage to the spring. It was my bitter repute as a fighter that stood my shield that night

At last I reached the door. Opening it with my hand behind me, my eyes still on the glaring, hesitating roughs, I stepped backward into the main room.

"Good night, gentlemen!" was all I said

"You'll set us up, won't you?" cried one, finding his voice

"Sure!" I returned, and I clinked Strong Arm Dan a gold piece as I passed the bar "Give 'em what they want while it lasts"

That demand mashed into the teeth of my thoughts like the cogs of a wheel. It would hold that precious coterie for twenty minutes. When I got into the street I saw Sheeny Joe as he twisted around the corner

It was half a dozen blocks from The Tub of Blood that I blew the gathering call of the Tin Whistles. They came running like hounds to huntsman. Ten minutes later The Tub of Blood lay a pile of ruins, while Strong-Arm Dan and those others, surprised in the midst of that guzzling I had paid for, with heads and faces a hash of wounds and blood and the fear of death upon them, were running or staggering or crawling for shelter, according to what powers remained with them

"It's plain," said Big Kennedy, when I told of the net that Sheeny Joe had spread for me, "it's plain that you haven't shed your milk-teeth yet. However, you'll be older by an' by, an' then you won't follow off every band of music that comes playin' down the street. No, I don't blame Sheeny Joe, politics is like draw-poker an' everybody's got a right to fill his hand if he can. Still, while I don't blame him, now since he loses it's up to us to get even on th' play." Here Big Kennedy pondered deeply for the space of a minute. Then he continued: "I think we'd better make it up-the-river—better railroad the duffer. Discipline's been gettin' slack of late in th' ward an' an example will work in handy. Sheeny Joe sold out an' now lies to us. The next crook won't pass us out th' double-cross when he sees what comes off in th' case of Sheeny Joe."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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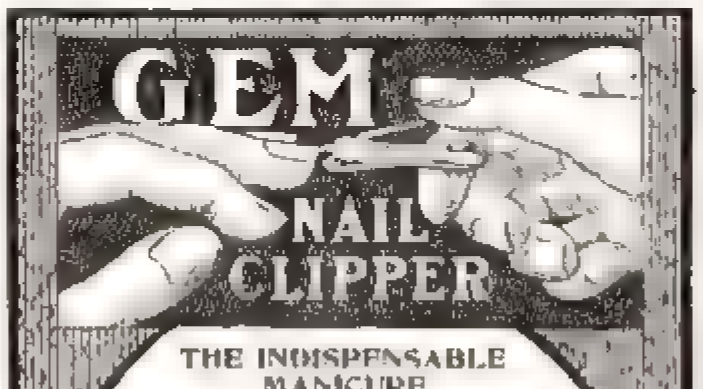

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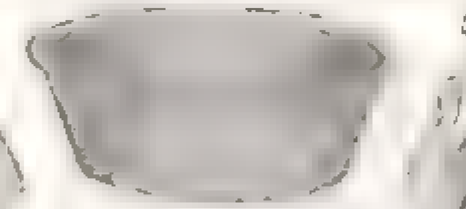

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The Reading Table

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THE late Phil May, of Punch, of whose drawings Whistler said, "Black and white is summed up in two words—Phil May," visited this country during the World's Fair at Chicago. In New York he fell in with Frank Verbeck, whose illustrations chiefly depict bears and other animals. They first swore an eternal friendship and then proceeded to pass an agreeable night. Rather late, May leaned over the table and said

"Verby, your bears are so charming—by the way, how many bears have you probably drawn in your time?"

"About three thousand," returned Verbeck proudly.

"They are so charming that I suppose you must have gone out in the woods and made many studies from the life."

"Phil," replied the other, "I have always lived in town. I never saw a live bear in my life. But your delightful street children now; you've studied them at first hand, I'm sure."

"Verby," answered May solemnly, "I never saw a street child. I always travel in a sedan-chair, and with the curtains drawn. All of my family are dukes, except the ladies, who are more like what you might call duchesses."

Placing the Blame

WILLIAM WINTER, perhaps the best known dramatic critic in this country, is noted for the vigorous manner in which he handles a poor play. A poor actor is apt to be reminded of the fact before he finishes reading one of Mr. Winter's criticisms, but he gets off easy compared with the luckless author. But personally Mr. Winter is as gentle as his criticisms are severe.

One day last spring, after having utterly destroyed a new play, he happened on the same ferryboat with the young author and was introduced by a common friend.

"Mr. Winter," said the young man, "you tore my play this morning to shreds. It hurt me."

The critic was greatly embarrassed and looked around for some means of escape, but found none. Then after a moment he stammered

"Yes, that's only too true; shreds—shreds is the word. But, my dear young man, there's no reason why you should feel hurt," and he seized the other's hand and pumped it up and down in the depth of his emotion, "not the slightest reason. You're not to blame, I'm not to blame, nobody's to blame. It was just the fault of the play itself. It was so bad; oh, dear, so *very* bad, indeed," and Mr. Winter hurriedly turned and walked away, fully convinced that he had poured balm on the young man's wounds.

A Barrel of Money

HAYDEN CARRUTH, the writer, is noted among his friends for being slightly improvident. The other day a man from Chicago called, bearing a letter of introduction from a common friend, and was shown up to what Mr. Carruth calls the scriptorium. The visitor noticed a large flour-barrel in one corner of the room, and after eyeing it furtively for some time ventured to ask its use.

"Oh," replied Mr. Carruth airily, "that's where I keep my money," and continued chatting on other subjects. It soon occurred to him that he ought to do something for his visitor's entertainment, so he said to him, "Do you smoke?" The caller acknowledged the habit.

"I'm sorry, but my cigars are just out," said Mr. Carruth, after hesitating and throwing his eye dreamily about the room as if he expected a box of perfectos to materialize in the air. "If a pipe, now——"

"Oh, certainly," said the caller hastily; "I always smoke a pipe."

The host reached for a small jar and took off the cover with an easy flourish. He peered in, then looked up with a lengthened face. "My tobacco appears to be just out," he said, "but——"

"Never mind, never mind," interrupted the visitor delicately. "Now, as we were saying——"

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"But I shall mind," broke in Mr. Carruth with dignity. "I will send out for some." He rose, walked to the barrel and dived in. The caller heard him scratching about for a full minute; then he came to the surface, his face even longer, and with five pennies in one hand. He looked at the coins ruefully and said: "My money seems, practically, to be just out, too." Then his wonted cheerfulness returned and he added: "Say, lend me a nickel for a day or two, will you? With ten cents we can get a small box of really good tobacco."

Bill Nye's First Engagement

THE late Major Pond managed Bill Nye for several lecture seasons, but their first meeting was rather informal. Nye was one day walking down Fourth Avenue with a friend when he spied the Major's modest sign in a window of the Everett House.

"Here's the man that incites the lecturers," said Nye; "let's go in and see if we can't induce him to lead a better life."

Entering, Nye removed his hat and ran his hand over the hairless expanse of his head, and after staring about for a moment said:

"This is Major Pond, I believe."

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" answered the Major.

"I want to get a job on the platform," returned Nye.

"Ah—yes," said the Major slowly. Have you had experience?"

"Well, I've been before the public for a couple of years."

"Yes? May I ask in what capacity?"

"I've been with Barnum. Sat concealed in the bottom of a cabinet and exhibited my head as the largest ostrich egg in captivity."

Lost: A Scientist

IT WAS generally understood that President Roosevelt on his recent Western trip was to abstain steadfastly from the temptation to go hunting. No deer or bear or birds fell before him, but it is now learned that there was a unique exception to his pacific program—a tiny mouse was captured by the President. It was the only animal he took on his entire journey. There was abundant opportunity to shoot big game, but he chose to forego the pleasure.

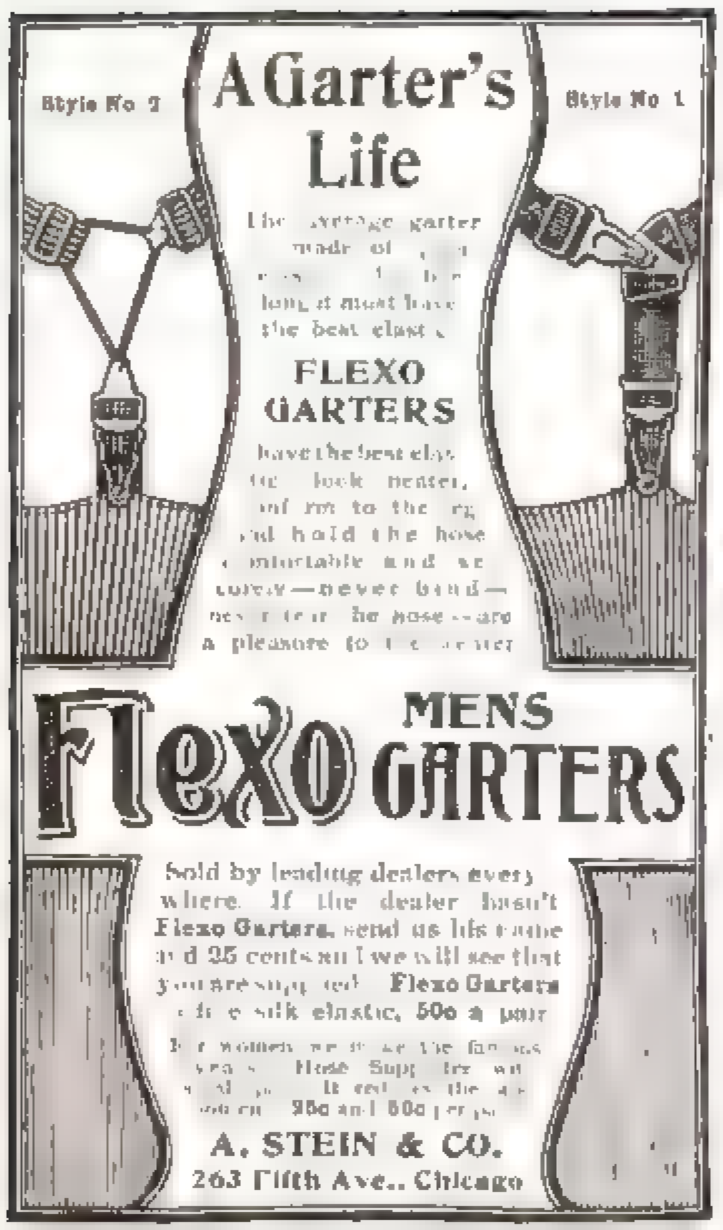
He killed the mouse in the interest of science, as the species is uncommon. The President dexterously stuffed it himself, for he is skilled in taxidermy. He forwarded it personally to one of the small Government museums in Washington, where it is highly treasured.

In securing the mouse and preparing it for presentation to the museum the President was manifestly not seeking to publish his love for zoölogical study, for the naturalists in charge are very much preoccupied with their researches and took no thought of making the matter public. In fact it would not have been learned had not a visiting taxidermist discovered the specimen and asked questions concerning it.

It is interesting to hear scientific men speak of the President. They look upon him as a fellow student. When he was a Civil Service Commissioner he frequently visited the technical libraries of the Capital, where he devoted much of his leisure time to scientific studies. His questions, in securing the assistance of experts in charge, convinced them of his great range of knowledge in natural history.

"Had Mr. Rooseevelt not gone in for statesmanship he would doubtless have developed into an eminent scientist," said a zoologist in Washington. "In these matters the President is far more than a mere hunter. His definite knowledge of the habits of insects, birds and mammals is extensive, and those of us who have had the pleasure of outings with him have found him a delightful and instructive companion."

In sending the mouse to Washington the President displayed his knowledge of zoölogy, for without such information he would not have known its exceptional interest.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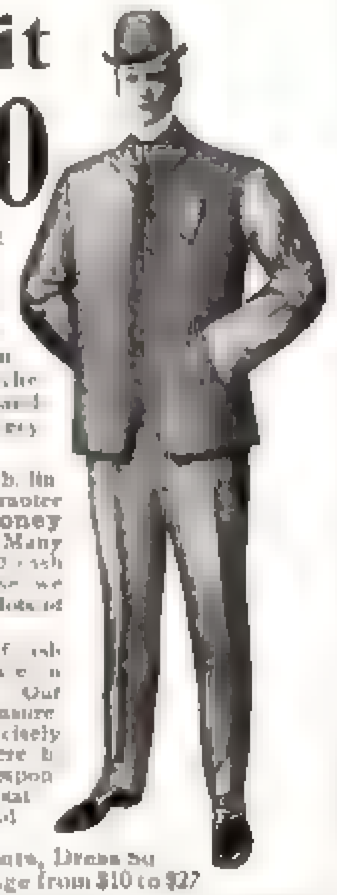
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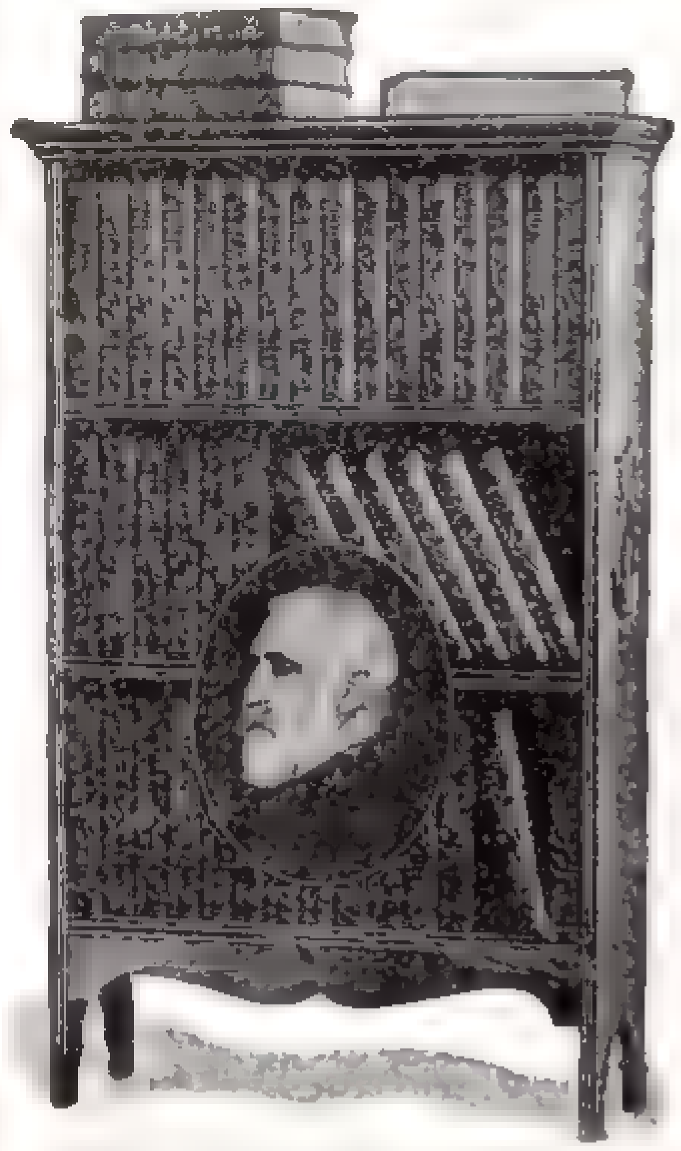
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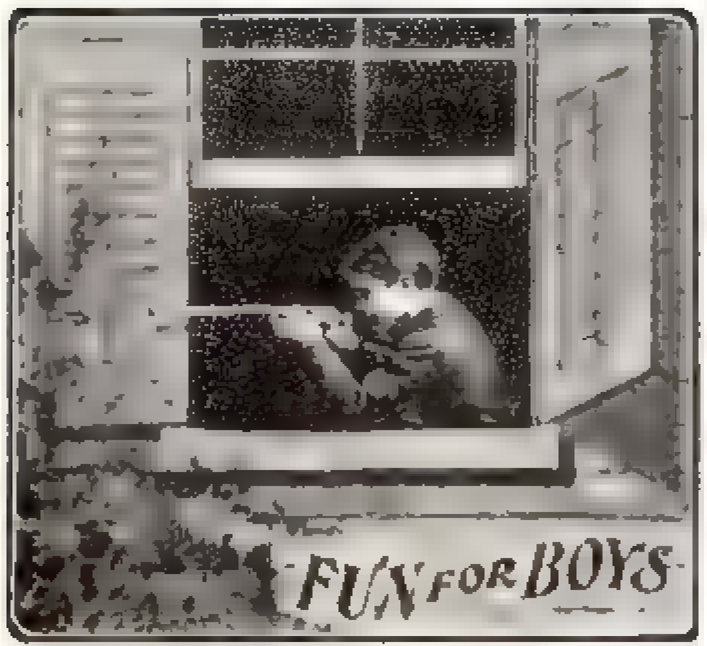

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

THE FLIGHT OF SHELLS—A device by which the man behind the gun may know when he misses

THE War Department just now is making experiments with an "illuminating bomb," so called, which in reality is not a bomb at all, but a sort of pyrotechnic contrivance attached to shells thrown by rifled guns and mortars.

The "bomb" is a small cylinder of brass, two inches in length, which is screwed into the base of the projectile. It is filled with perhaps two ounces of a composition that burns with high illuminating power. When the shell is discharged, the explosion of the gunpowder in the gun ignites a fuse attached to the composition in the cylinder, which is then consumed with a bright light and considerable smoke

Though the quantity of the mixture in the cylinder is so small, it burns long enough to last until the projectile strikes the target, though the latter should be several miles distant. At night its combustion makes a brilliant spot of flame, which, accompanying the projectile, enables the observer to see exactly the course taken by the shell. In the day time the smoke serves an equivalent purpose

Though important for study, where ordnance officers are taking note of the flight of projectiles, the "illuminating bomb" seems likely to prove useful in actual warfare, enabling the officer in charge of a gun or battery to see how the shells strike—whether they hit or miss the object aimed at. Thus, either by day or in the night-time, judging by the smoke or by the flame shown, the range can be judged, the elevation of the weapon modified and the aim adjusted with accuracy, even though the target may be very far away.

Recently some attention has been excited in Europe by experiments with illuminating bombs of different kinds, one of which, when cast among the enemy at night, bursts and immediately lights up the darkness with a power of 100,000 candles, thus revealing the situation of an opposing force. Not less novel and remarkable are the "smoke grenades," filled with chemical substances which, on explosion, produce clouds of dense black smoke. These are designed to be carried in advance by skirmishers and thrown so as to conceal the troops following

PAPER RAINCOATS—You may be able to buy one cheap if an experiment in the Southern States is successful

FOR the purpose of introducing generally into the Gulf States and California, and even into the Colorado desert, remarkable Japanese paper plants, the United States Government is conducting a series of exhaustive experiments. The agricultural and commercial possibilities involved in the undertaking are said to be very great

Seeds of the shrubs and small trees, from the bark of which the delicate, lacy, Japanese paper is manufactured, have been received and distributed among experimental stations and individual expert horticulturists throughout the South. It is the confident belief of Government specialists that within a year or two practical demonstration will show that a new industry of great profit both to farmers and manufacturers has been transplanted from the Far East to America, for included in the Government's undertaking is not only a detailed plan for the cultivation of these valuable exotics, but also the education of artisans in imitating the clever workmanship of the Japanese in converting the pulp of the *mitsumata* and other plants into useful and beautiful articles of trade.

The prediction is made that within a short time American factories will be turning out, among other of these quaint Japanese products, a paper adapted to nearly every use that fine leather now serves in this country. Another form of paper, it is designed, will compete with tin in household articles, while all the fine Japanese papers now imported into the United States for use in books, diplomas, bonds and the like will be made in America from Japanese plants grown in this country

Besides those mentioned, there are many other uses to which paper is put in Japan, and efforts will be made to extend the custom to America. Japanese farmers, for example, use as tarpaulins a curious kind of oiled paper which is as impervious as rubber and as light

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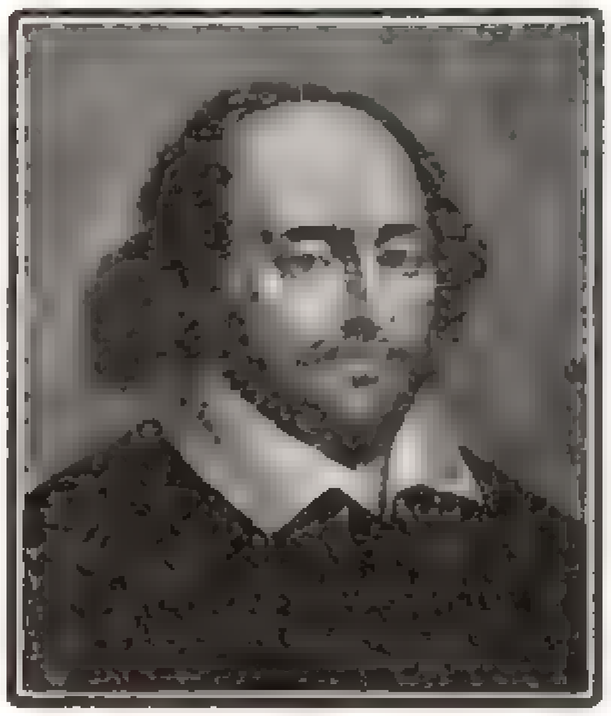

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The unique character of Japanese paper is due not so much to the workmanship as to the peculiar plants used. The world's paper in general is derived from wood-pulp, from wild-grass stems macerated, and last, but unhappily not least, from discarded rags.

Japanese papers owe their curious individuality to the fact that they are made from the bark of plants. Nine of these furnish paper, and from every one a different quality is made.

Leading among these is the *Edgeworthia papyrifera*, a shrub highly decorative, and unique in that its forks always have three branches, instead of two, as in other shrubs. Formerly this shrub, whose yellow flowers are highly prized, was grown purely as an ornament; castle gardens of former feudal lords in Japan are rich with it. Now the demand for mitsumata paper products has become great throughout Japan and is generally extending in many countries, entire plantations in that land being devoted to its cultivation. A matter of great interest to agriculturists is that the shrub will thrive in lands unavailable for rice or any other crop.

The Department of Agriculture recommends that it be grown, among other places in America, on the Colorado Desert. It is profitable, however, to devote the best land to the cultivation of the mitsumata paper-plant, for it will yield as high as 2000 pounds of raw bark to the acre, worth in Japan sixteen cents (gold) a pound, which is four times the price of American wood-pulp in Yokohoma. It is incidentally shown that dikes and narrow strips of land between submerged fields could be made to yield a profit by planting them to mitsumata shrubs.

Although the Japanese have been exceedingly ingenious in utilizing their curious paper for purposes undreamed of in other parts of the world, Mr. David G. Fairchild, Agricultural Explorer for the United States Government, who has been superintending the investigations into the subject, predicts that the inventive American mind, when it begins to develop the industry, will find yet other and more important uses. Paper suits for men and paper dresses of brilliant and enduring colors for women are a possible outcome of the new industry.

For dwellers in the cavernous seclusion of some of the modern flats, the fact that strong walls may be made of a paper that will let in the sunlight but which may be made otherwise opaque will solve a dismal problem. The paper walls of Japanese houses have long been the admiration of travelers. Improvements on this form of manufacture, with special designs for adaptation to the American building trade, are included in the plan of the new undertaking.

The paper plants can be reared in America from seeds. To harvest a crop requires the cutting of the shrubs to the ground. The next year the roots send up new shoots. Mitsumata roots one hundred years old have been known to send up new growth. For commercial purposes the life of a paper-plant is about twelve years.

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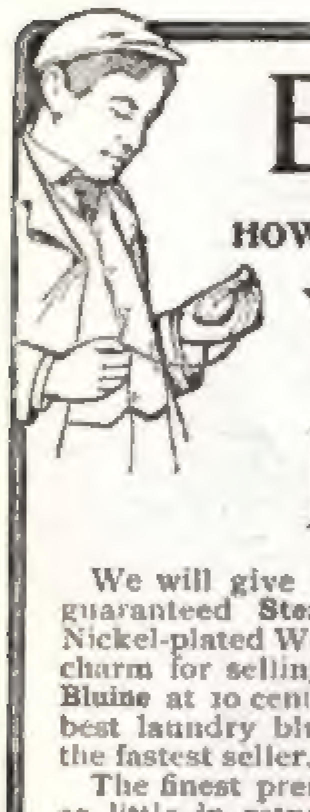

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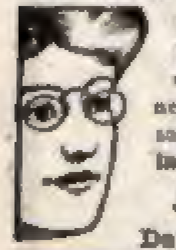

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The Daughter of a Magnate

(Continued from Page 11)

Parting late, Glover said good-night and left with Callahan to inspect the rotary. The fearful punishment of the day's work on the knives had shown itself and, since dark, relays of mechanics from the Sleepy Cat shops had been busy with the cutting-gear, and the companion plow had already been ordered in from the eighth district.

Glover returned to the car at one o'clock. The lights were low and Clem, a night-owl, fixed him in a chair near the door. For an hour everything was very still, then Gertrude, sleeping lightly, heard voices. Glover walked past the compartments; she heard him asking Clem for brandy—Bill Dancing, the lineman, had come with news.

The negro brought forward a decanter and Glover poured a gobletful for the old man, who shook from the chill of the night air.

"The boys claim it's all imagination," he continued, steadied by the alcohol, "but it's a fire, way over below the second bridge. I've watched it for an hour; now you come."

They went together and were gone a long time. Glover returned alone. Clem had disappeared; a girlish figure glided out of the gloom to meet him.

"I couldn't sleep," she whispered. "I heard you leave and dressed to wait." The tenderness of her devotion overcame him. She looked in the dim light as slight as a child and with his hand at her waist he sunk on his knee to look up into her face. "How can I deserve it all?"

She laughed noiselessly and with her hands blinded his upturned eyes. Not until she found they were wet did she realize all he had tried to put into his words.

"Have you any news?" she murmured as he rose.

"I believe they have found him."

She clasped her hands. "Heaven be praised! Oh, is it sure?"

"I mean, Dancing, the old lineman, has seen his fire. At least, we are certain of it. We have been watching it two hours. It's a speck of a blaze away across toward the mines. It never grows nor lessens, just a careful little camp-fire where fuel is scarce—as it is now with all the snow. We've lighted a big beacon on the hill for an answer and at daybreak we shall go after him. The planning is all done and I've nothing to do till we're ready to start."

She tried to make him lie down for a nap on the couch. He tried to persuade her to retire until morning, and in sweet contention they sat murmuring together of their love and their happiness—and of the hills a reckless girl once romped over in old Alleghany and of the shingle gunboats a sleepy-eyed boy once launched in dauntless fleets upon the yellow eddies of the Mississippi: and of the chance that should bring boy and girl together, lovers, on the crest of the far Rockies.

Lights were moving up and down the hill when they rose from Clem's astonishing breakfast.

"You will be careful," she said. He had taken her in his arms at the door and, promising, he kissed her and whispered good-by.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

⁂

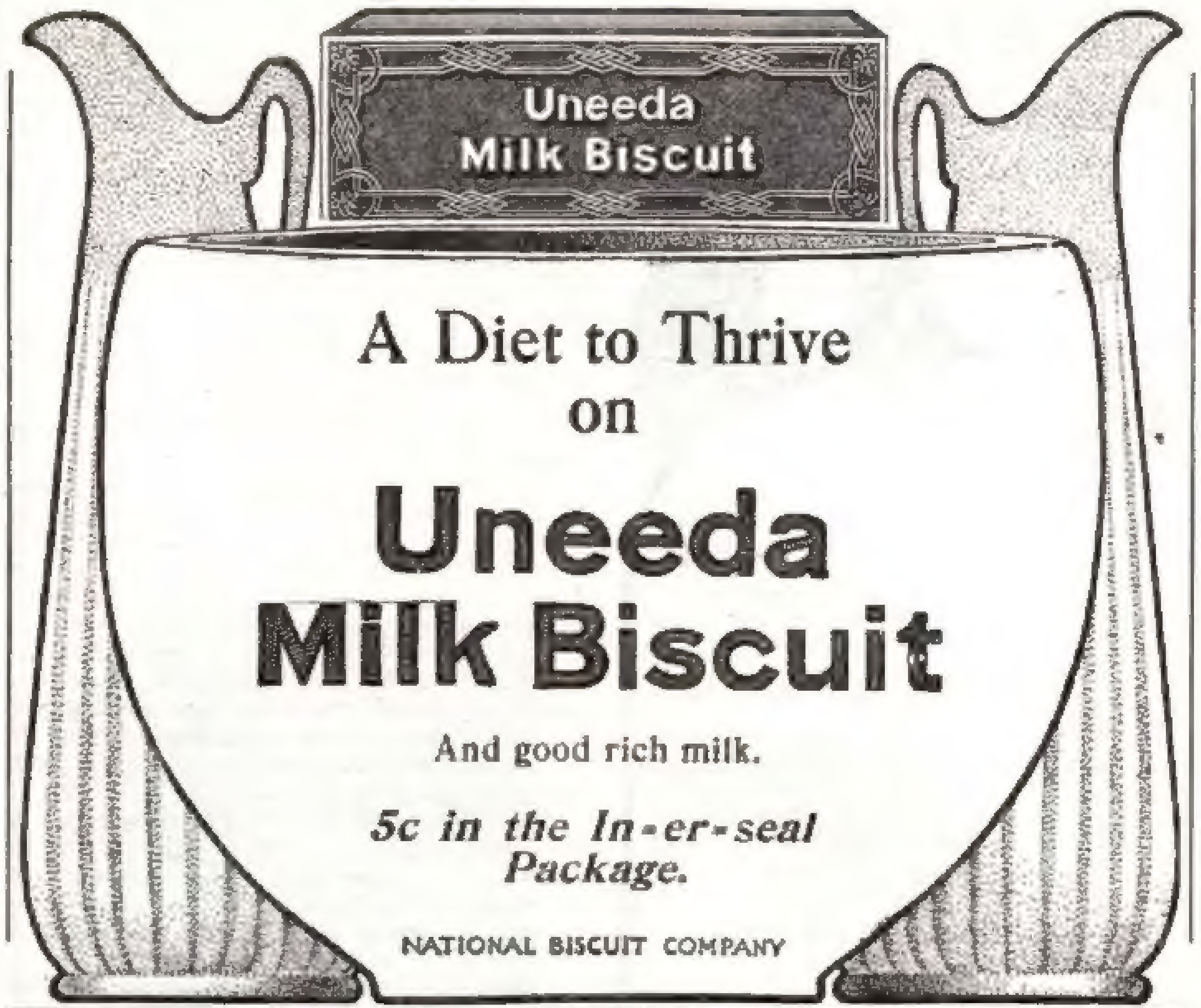
A Compliment Uncomplimentary

ALTHOUGH Secretary Shaw is a man of diplomacy he enjoys loosing an occasional shaft of satire. An official who takes great pride in his dress but who, in spite of elaborate toilets, is not conspicuous for his beauty, recently attempted to grow whiskers. Evidently his effort stirred up domestic objection, for a few days ago, after three months of assiduous cultivation of a black but somewhat reluctant growth of beard, he appeared clean shaven again, explaining to his colleagues that it was his wife's birthday and that in her honor he had removed what she had bewailed as an unnecessary disfiguration.

Forthwith he showed himself to Secretary Shaw, craving commendation.

"Yes, I congratulate you," said the Secretary. "Your case reminds me of the good wife who, venturing on a change in wearing her hair, timidly asked her husband if he thought it unbecoming.

"'Bless you, no!' he exclaimed, trying his best to be complimentary; 'any change would be an improvement in you.'"



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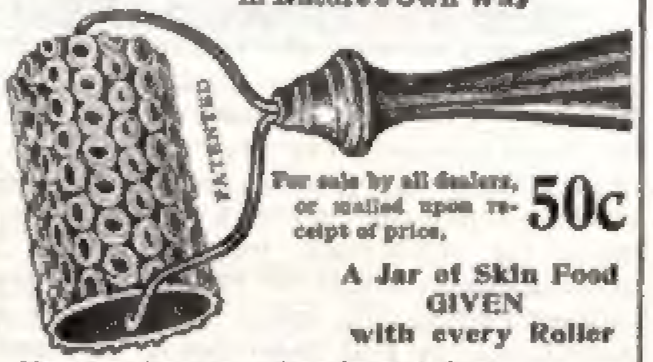

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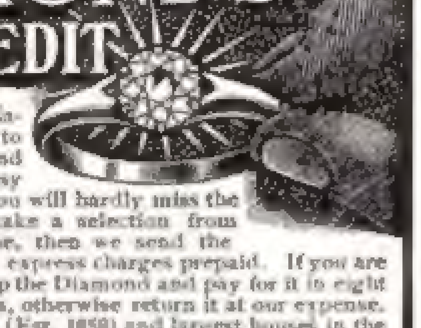

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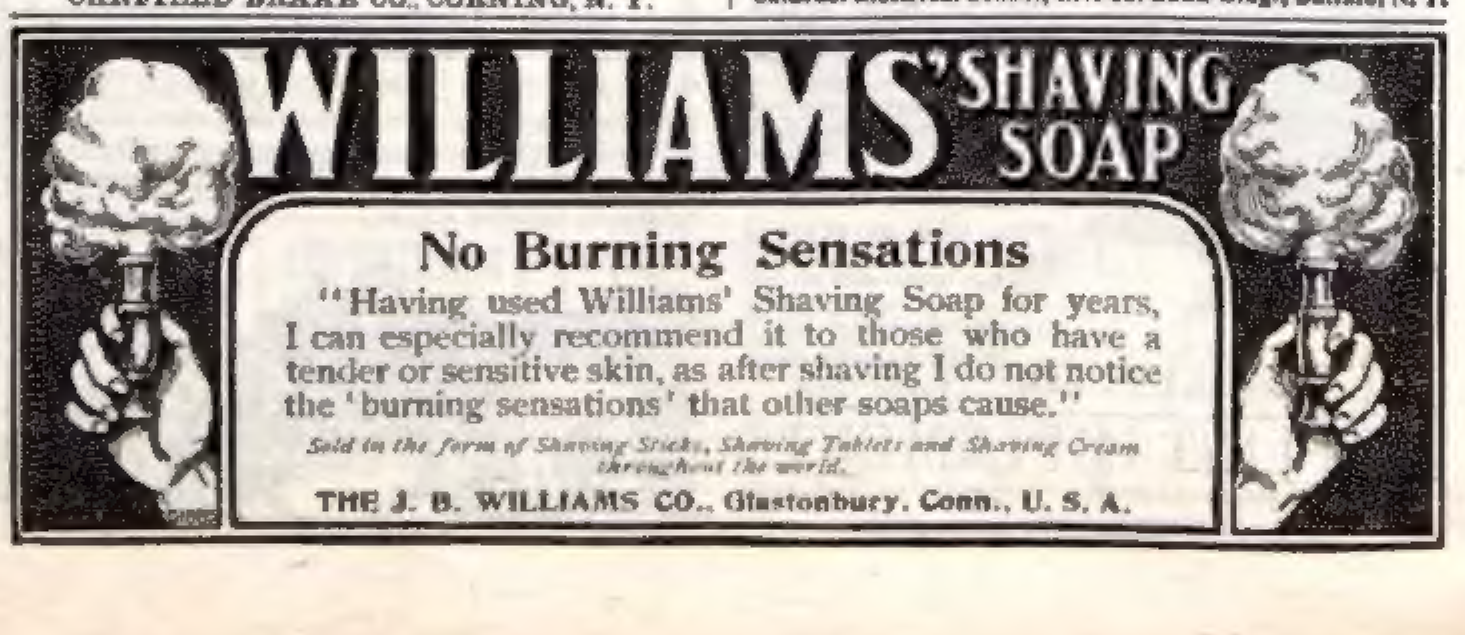

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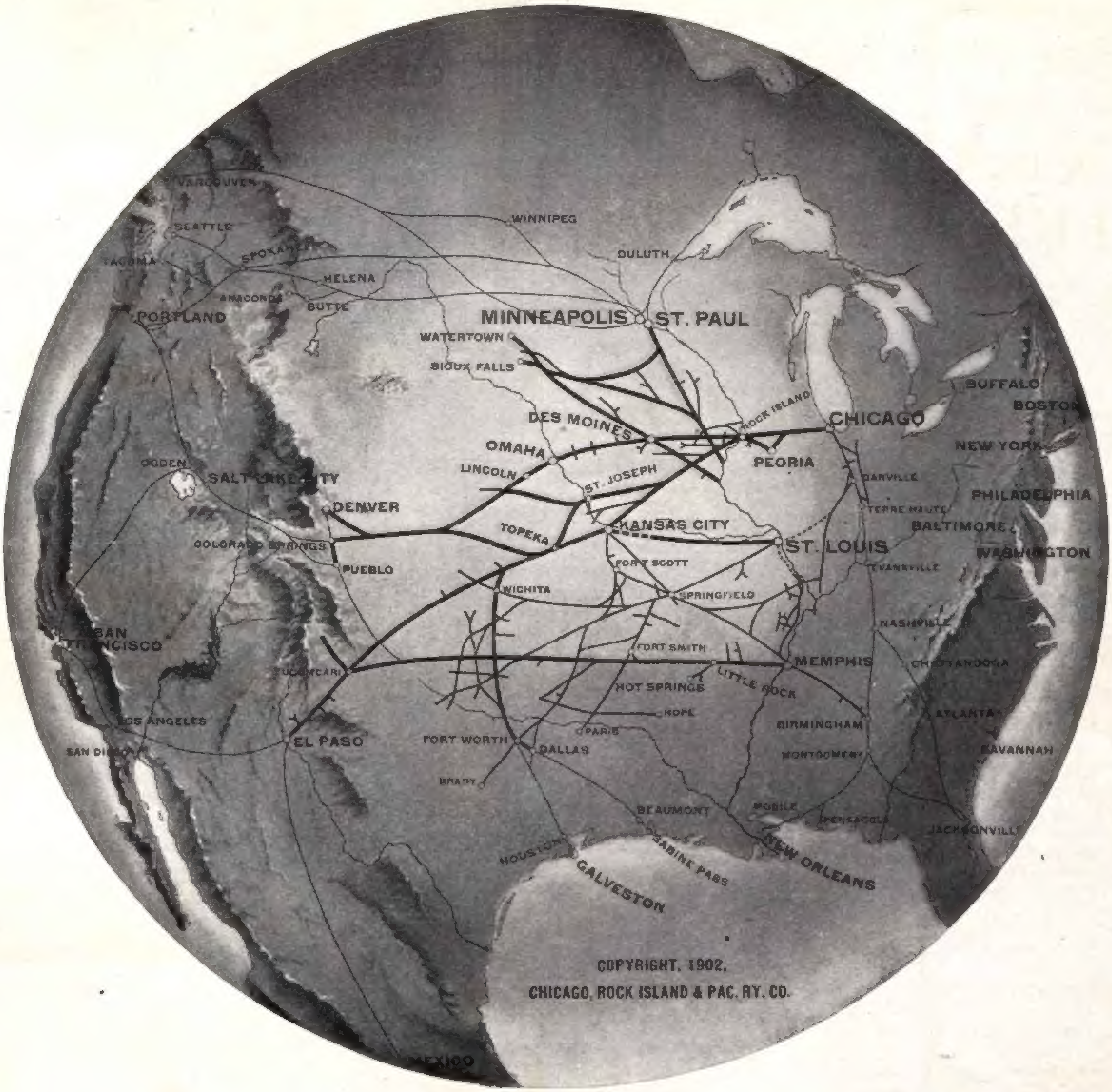
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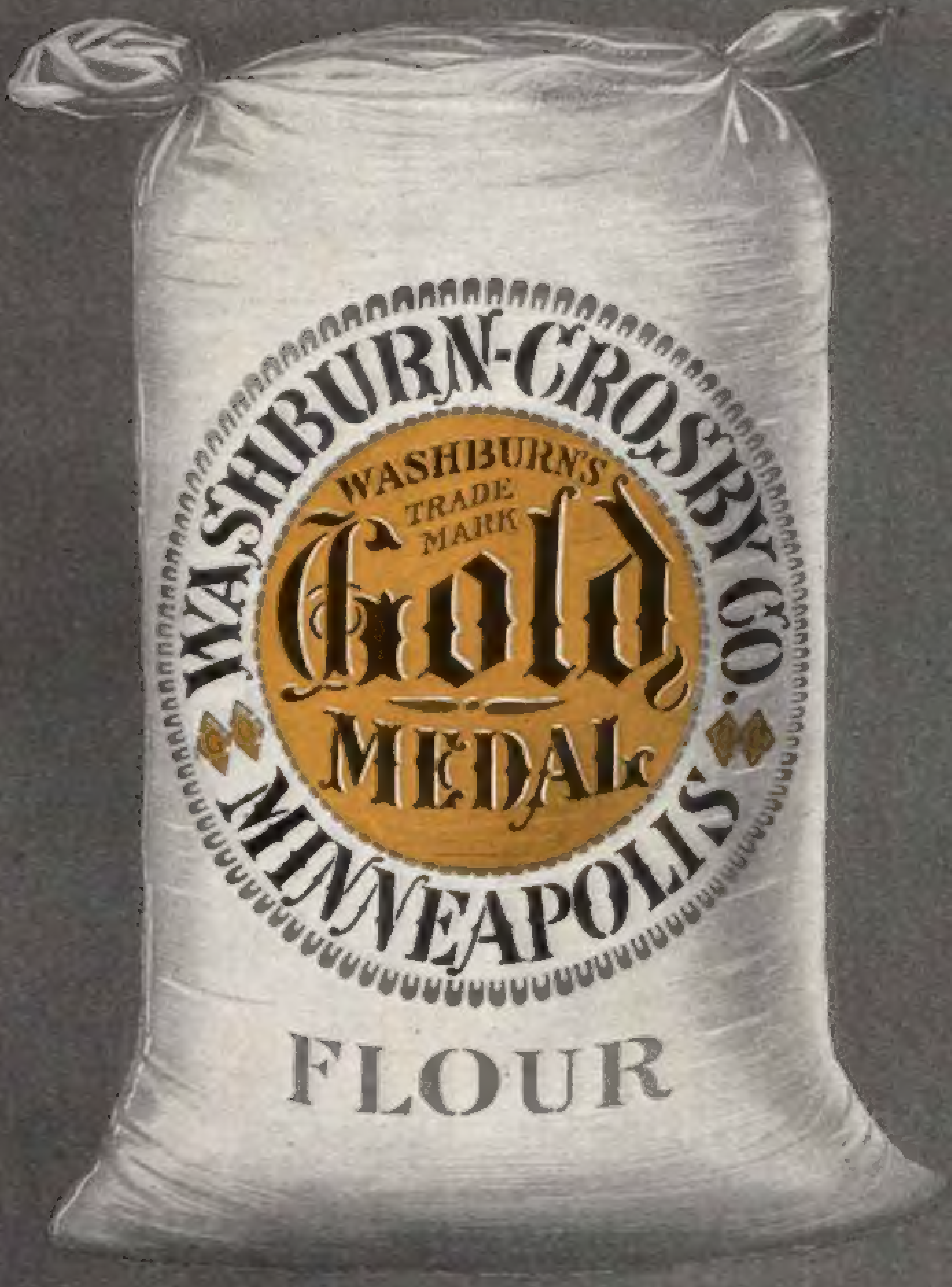
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